The Outlook

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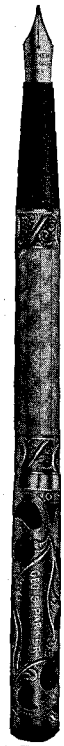

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1905

The Peace of Portsmouth

The ceremony of signing the Treaty of Portsmouth last week was simple and unostentatious. Both sides wanted to avoid any spectacular features, if for no other reason than that both realized the inevitable unpopularity of certain provisions of the treaty in their respective countries, this being especially true of Japan. The Russo-Japanese Treaty was signed in the gaunt, bare room in which it had been prepared. No Americans were present save the official hosts of the embassies, namely, Mr. Peirce, Third Assistant Secretary of State, as the personal representative of the President; the Hon. John McLane, Governor of New Hampshire; Mr. Marvin, the Mayor of Portsmouth; Admiral Mead, the head of the navy-yard, and the commanders of the yacht Mayflower and of the despatch-boat Dolphin, which had conveyed the embassies to Portsmouth. As soon as the delegates had taken their seats, Mr. Sato, one of the Japanese secretaries, left his chair and went to Mr. Witte's side with the Japanese copies of the treaty. At the same time Mr. Plançon, one of the Russian secretaries, placed the Russian copies before Baron Komura. The two ranking plenipotentiaries then signed their names, and were followed in that duty by their colleagues, Baron Rosen and Mr. Takahira. Up to this moment no word had broken the silence, nor was it broken as Mr. Witte and Baron Komura arose, and, reaching across the table, grasped hands, their associates all following their example. That silent moment was historic—the Russian and Japanese delegates with hands tightly clasped across the conference table. The simplicity of the deed impressed all hearts. Baron Rosen was the first to speak. He exclaimed in English to Mr. Takahira, "I shake hands with an old friend and now with a new one!" That phrase was the keynote of the occasion. Then, turning toward Baron Komura, the Russian Ambassador made a more formal address, but one which came equally from the heart. We quote it entire, as revised by Baron Rosen for The Outlook:

On behalf of Mr. Witte and in my own name I wish to say a few words. We have just signed an act which will have forever a place in the annals of history. It is not for us active participants in the conclusion of this treaty to pass judgment on its import and significance. As negotiators on behalf of the empire of Russia, as well as the empire of Japan, we may with tranquil conscience say that we have done all that was in our power in order to bring about the peace for which the whole civilized world was longing. As plenipotentiaries of Russia, we fulfill a most agreeable duty in acknowledging that in negotiating with our hitherto adversaries, and from this hour our friends, we have been dealing with true and thorough gentlemen, to whom we are happy to express our high esteem and personal regard. We earnestly hope that friendly relations between the two empires will henceforth be firmly established, and we trust that his Excellency Baron Komura, as Minister of Foreign Affairs and one of the leading statesmen of his country, will apply to the strengthening of these relations the wide experience and wise statesmanship he so conspicuously displayed during these negotiations, which have now been so auspiciously concluded.

In his turn, Baron Komura declared that he entirely shared Baron Rosen's views and that the treaty just signed was in the interest of humanity and of civilization. He was happy to believe that it would bring lasting peace between two neighboring peoples. He added that it would always be a satisfaction for him to recall the high courtesy and consideration which he and his colleagues had invariably received from the Russian envoys throughout the negotiations, and finally he assured the plenipotentiaries that it would be his duty as well as his pleasure to do everything in his power to make the treaty in fact what it professes in words to be, a treaty of peace and amity. At the conclusion of this

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address the four plenipotentiaries retired to an adjoining room and were closeted for ten minutes. It would be interesting to know what took place in that final conference. While it was in progress the secretaries affixed the official seals to the treaty—four seals to each of the four copies. Upon their return the plenipotentiaries signed the protocol of their last meeting, and then despatched appreciative telegrams to President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay. In recognition of the signing of the treaty, the Russians held a special service at Christ Church, Portsmouth. Though Episcopal clergymen have taken part in Russian ceremonies and priests of the Russo-Greek Catholic Church have been present at services in Protestant Episcopal churches, this is the first occasion, we believe—and may it not be the last!—when the English and Russian tongues have been heard at the same service in an American church.

❀

The Japanese Outbreak

The Japanese outbreak in Tokyo last week was the work of irresponsible students, rowdies, and disreputable classes. It seems that these had been expecting the sudden enrichment of their country by the payment of a large indemnity from Russia. They found themselves deceived. Their resentment was reinforced by the ill-advised editorial utterances of many newspapers. At first an attempt was made to hold a meeting in Hibaya Park to protest against certain terms of the treaty. The police refused to allow this meeting to assemble and closed the park. Their permission would probably have acted as a safety-valve; their refusal only intensified the popular resentment. A mob gathered and attacked the office of the "Kokumin," the Government organ. On this a demonstration was made before the residence of Baron Komura, the Foreign Secretary, and it is reported that the house of the Home Secretary, Viscount Yoshikawa, was partly burned. Marquis Ito, who is popularly credited with having insisted on Japan's startling concessions in the terms of peace, was stoned as he was driving through the streets. Presumably on the theory that the Japanese envoys had been lured into a trap by President Roosevelt, and had signed conditions of peace unworthy of the nation's efforts, stones were also thrown at an American party of sightseers in Tokyo, and several Christian churches, Catholic and Protestant, were burned. On this the Government sent troops to guard the American and British Legations, and, for the first time in its history, it is said, proclaimed martial law in the capital. While the police are not popular in Tokyo, the soldiers are; hence the proclamation of martial law created a good impression. No heavy display of military force was made, but detailed guards maintained order, the main garrison of reserves being left in the barracks. In general, the crowds obeyed the orders of the soldiers; they had declined to obey the orders of the police. All this humiliating disorder might have been avoided, we think, if the Japanese Government had been wise enough to take the Japanese people into its confidence. Even some of the irresponsible rioters may have been made to understand that, no matter how much an indemnity from Russia was justified, it could not be collected by peace negotiations and only by a very long war. Japan was fitted to continue the war for some months; she is not fitted at present to undertake a war lasting a number of years.

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The Outbreak in Russia

Kishinev is in the Russian province of Bessarabia; Baku in that of Trans-Caucasia. In both cities rioting occurred last week. The Kishinev disorder was occasioned by a police charge on a procession of Jewish workmen who were following a funeral. Many of the workmen were wounded and fifty of them were arrested. Several are missing and are supposed to have been killed. The officers declined to give any explanation of the cause of the attack and refused to allow sympathizers with the wounded men to visit them in the Jewish hospital, which is now surrounded by soldiers. Patrols are stationed at central points in the town. The Baku rioting was far

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more tragic and has extended to all the neighboring region. The conflict seems to have been begun by the Mohammedan Tartars, who set fire to many oil wells, tanks of oil and naphtha, and refineries in the Baku oil region. In the consequent fighting over a thousand persons were killed, so it is reported, and several thousand wounded, while there are nearly a hundred thousand workless fugitives. Almost the whole oil industry is ruined, involving a vast loss in this year's State revenue from excise. The principal fighting was not so much in Baku itself as at Balakhan, where hundreds were slain in a desperate attack on the military camp and provision depots there. Balakhan was completely burned out after the Muslim Tartars had plundered it of everything valuable. The condition of things in Baku is better; the consulates, banks, and Government buildings are guarded by troops. The foreigners have taken refuge on board the Caspian Sea steamers. The troops sent to Baku and Balakhan showed themselves incapable of coping with the enormous numbers of armed and desperate rioters. To make matters worse, the tribesmen from the neighboring mountains, attracted by prospects of loot, came to these and other towns and aided in the work of death and destruction. Those tribesmen who could not come organized themselves into bands against the nobles, and, invading the domains of the latter, have been seizing firearms.

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The Causes of the Outbreak

Whatever the proximate cause, the ultimate causes of the outbreak in Trans-Caucasia are two. For years Muslim hatred of the Armenians in that province has been smoldering. The Armenians have the upper hand in industry and commerce, hence they have been detested by the Tartars as exploiters of the Caucasus Mohammedan populations. The Russian Government has had great difficulty during the past few years in restraining the Tartars from bloody reprisals. The Czar's good intentions, however, were recently frustrated by the harsh policy of Prince Galitzin, the Governor-General, which consisted in oppressing the Armenians and in confiscating their churches. This he did with the aid of the Tartars. He thus stirred up a war of religion as well as of race. The Armenians understood the situation, and armed themselves. The Baku massacre of last February showed how well they could defend themselves. On the persons of the Mohammedans who attacked the Armenians last week were found proclamations headed "Long Live Islâm!" Moreover, the Tartar leaders wore red fezes, as if proclaiming themselves warriors of the Khalif of Stambûl. The second reason for the outbreak dates from last December, when the labor organization warned the employers: "If you want oil, you must secure reforms." The employers in their turn repeatedly urged the Government to give heed to this cry, and to allow refinery-owners to organize militia for the protection of their property. To all this the Government turned a deaf ear. The result of the Government's obstinacy is the temporary ruin of one of Russia's most important industries.

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The Hankau Railway

As we have already reported, in 1898 the Chinese Government granted to an American syndicate a concession to build and operate a railway from Canton about six hundred miles to Hankau on the Yangtse River, at the confluence of the Hankau River. The Americans built some thirty miles of road. No further progress was made. The concession has now been canceled, to the satisfaction of both parties, and an indemnity has been paid. The majority on both sides seem satisfied. The American minority, however, surmises that the Japanese, strong in trade as well as in war, may be behind the cancellation, since they have a concession from the Chinese Government for a railway running from Fuchau to Hankau. Though their line reaches Hankau from a port several hundred miles from Canton, there might be a great advantage in connecting with and controlling the proposed Hankau-Canton railway. A Japanese official of distinguished rank, now in this country, informs us, however, that the real reason

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why the Chinese Government canceled its concession was not because it intended to transfer the concession to the Japanese, nor even because of Belgian purchases of stock in the America-China Development Company and a consequent suspicion on the part of the Chinese that a concession granted to one nation might become the property of another nation. The real reason actuating the Chinese Government was the anti-foreign opposition of the population of the great province of Hunan, through which the road is to run. The people of that province are indeed provincial. They are fiercely Chinese. When let alone, the Hunanese make good citizens. They detest foreigners, however, and modern inventions. With this as a customary attitude, the recent boycott throughout China of American goods and merchants has intensified the long-standing resentment. Rioting occurred on the line of the railway already finished, as, two years ago, it had occurred in connection with a party of American surveyors on the proposed line, at a point a hundred and forty miles from Canton. The Americans were warned then and again recently that a general anti-foreign rising would take place if they dared to continue the construction. In only one feature of their opposition do the Hunanese appear to have changed. They confine their opposition to foreigners; they no longer oppose, so it is said, the railway itself. The Imperial Government was concerned lest a repetition of the Boxer trouble should occur. Hence it was anxious to check those things that caused anti-foreign agitation. The presence of more Americans and foreigners in Hunan would doubtless bring more rioting and perhaps some ugly international complications. As the Hunanese had withdrawn their objection to the railway as a railway, the Imperial Government, convinced of its desirability, thought that it might as well become a Government concern. It took, therefore, what seemed to it the only wise action: it exercised the option which it had reserved under the concession, by canceling the concession and by paying indemnity to the concessionaires, of taking over the enterprise as a Government work.

The Chinese Boycott

The Chinese boycott of American goods, merchants, teachers, and missionaries has been further emphasized by the action of a meeting of students of the Anglo-Chinese College at Fuchau. To the number of three hundred and fifty, the students assembled to present to the American Consul at Fuchau their protest against the way in which our Chinese Exclusion Act had been enforced at American ports. Generally, the protest declares against any discrimination between immigrants from China and those from other lands. Specifically, it complains of the methods employed in the enforcement of the Exclusion Act: (1) The humiliating form of the physical examination; (2) the refusal by American authorities to allow the Chinese the aid of friends or counsel; (3) the unwarrantable delay in the examination; (4) the wretched shelter afforded the immigrants while waiting for examination. It also demands that the abuses be abolished; that the range of exceptions from exclusion be so extended as to include laundrymen, clerks, miners, and skilled mechanics; that merchants having a thousand dollars' worth of capital be allowed to come and go freely; and, finally, that registered Chinese be secured in all their rights as legal citizens. The Outlook reaffirms its conviction, already frequently expressed, that the United States has a right and a duty to exclude those Chinese immigrants who come in under such contracts that their labor is really a servile labor such as is prohibited by the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States; and that it ought so to frame the law and so to guard its execution that other Chinese—merchants, professional men, students, tourists, and the like—should have free access to our country. And we have no doubt that this discrimination could easily be secured by the organization and enforcement of a proper passport or certificate system. We hope for the establishment of a better understanding between China and the United States on this subject as a result of the visit of Secretary Taft to China. He has warned the Chinese that America will insist on the full observance of Arti-

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cle XV. of the Tientsin treaty of 1858, which provides that at each of the Chinese ports open to international trade American citizens shall be permitted to import and export, buy and sell, all merchandise of which the importation or exportation is not prohibited by the Imperial law. At the same time, and coincidently with Secretary Taft's visit and his demand upon the Chinese Government to protect American merchants from the injurious effects of the boycott, comes the American acceptance of the Chinese Government's offer to buy back the Hankau Railway, an action which has had a marked effect in diminishing anti-American feeling. The concession of the railway alone might have given China an impression that the United States was weak, had not the Secretary's vigor and frankness made it plain that the concession was evidence of nothing less than good will. This incident confirms the opinion we have expressed that the trip of the "Taft party" is to have large influence upon America's relation to the Far East.

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Cholera in Germany

When one remembers that in 1902 the city of Hamburg lost nine thousand people by death from cholera, it is not surprising that the recent appearance of the disease in Germany has caused serious alarm at that port. Nor, when we remember how many thousands and tens of thousands of immigrants come to this country from Hamburg, is it surprising that there should be a demand for stringent measures, not only of quarantine at New York, but to prevent any possibly infected persons from sailing from Hamburg. On the other hand, it is to be noted that German sanitary laws are strict and well enforced, and that the epidemic of 1902 was the direct cause of radical sanitation and reconstruction of the infected district in Hamburg itself. There is little doubt that the cholera was brought into West Prussia by Russian agricultural laborers, many of whom come across the border at this time of year to work on the beet crops. There have been reports from time to time that cholera existed among the Russian soldiers in Manchuria, and it is at least probable that returning soldiers have carried this into Russia, whence it has slowly worked its way southward. Up to the end of last week a total of 39 deaths and 123 cases was reported in all Germany. The district north of the River Oder, extending to the Russian border, and the region about Posen have suffered most. The measures taken by the authorities have been prompt and severe. Immigrants are quarantined for eight days in order to make perfectly sure that they do not carry the infection. There is no need whatever for alarm in this country, and with the elaborate precautions taken at Hamburg and the thorough system of examination and detention enforced by the health officers of New York, it is extremely unlikely that even a few sporadic cases should appear in this country, while the probabilities are that Germany itself will not suffer severely.

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A Forecast by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach

The most significant statements in the remarkably outspoken interview on the political situation in England which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach gave to a Toronto newspaper correspondent concern the fate of the Tory party and the increase in the number of labor representatives in the next House of Commons. The ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was in Toronto *en route* for Singapore, where he is to act as arbitrator in a dispute between two English trading companies, has no expectation that the general election will come this year. His prediction is that Mr. Balfour will meet Parliament as usual in February, 1906; that he will reintroduce his measure for equalizing Parliamentary representation in England and Ireland; that he will fail to carry this bill, and that on its defeat he will dissolve Parliament and go to the constituencies, not on the question of fiscal reform, but on his redistribution proposals. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach frankly gave it as his opinion that Mr. Balfour and the Tories will be defeated, and by a large majority; and he stated with equal frankness that he expects to see from

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thirty-five to forty labor members sitting on the Government benches in the new House of Commons. He believes that this largely increased representation of labor will have its influence on the policies and measures of the Liberal Government; but it is indicative of the change of attitude towards labor representation that Sir Michael, who may be regarded as a typical representative of the Tory squirearchy, expressed no dread of this coming inroad of labor representatives into the House of Commons. It is not quite forty years since the first labor member took his seat; and at no time up to the present have there been simultaneously more than fifteen or seventeen labor men in Parliament. But the labor leaders have come to be recognized as an important and permanent factor in the political, industrial, and social life of the country. As regards Imperial policies, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer may be taken as expressing the desire of England when, in speaking of the coming revision of the Canadian tariff, he urged that there should be a special tariff for Great Britain rather than a general preference such as was enacted in 1897. Many of the concessions in the general preference, he pointed out, are of no value to England because English manufacturers cannot compete against the advantages which American manufacturers enjoy in trade with Canada from proximity and similarity of climate and popular taste in the two countries. What Sir Michael urged is special reductions on those products of British factories—quite a numerous and varied list—which can be sold in Canada without jeopardizing any existing Canadian industries.

❀

A Bishop's Tribute to the Labor Leaders

In Manchester Cathedral, two or three Sundays ago, the Dean of Hereford paid a remarkable tribute to the English labor leaders—in and out of the House of Commons—for their work in the cause of temperance. He described them as "men of temperate habits, religious, and of untiring energy;" and, singling out John Burns, the Dean added that "nothing could be clearer than the pronouncements of the great labor leader John Burns as to the terrible effects of intemperance among the workers of the country." The day before this tribute to the labor leaders, the Bishop of Hereford, speaking at a conference at Oxford, urged the importance of more labor representation in Parliament, and declared that there was a need of "ten Will Crooks" in the House of Commons. Two other developments in the same line remain to be noted. The Bishops of Hereford and Oxford voted in favor of the London County Council in the recent contest between the Council and the House of Lords over the scheme of the Council for street-cars over Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges; and from Mirfield, Yorkshire, there is news that a college has been established there especially to meet the needs of young men not from well-to-do families who are anxious to take service in the Church of England. Mirfield is not intended as a short cut to ordination; but it is intended, as the Bishop of Birmingham emphasized in his address at the opening of the new college buildings, to make ordination in the Church of England less exclusively than hitherto a privilege of the well-to-do.

❀

The New Democratic Spirit in the English Church

The Church of England in these opening years of the new century is obviously making a greater effort to get near to the people than it has done at any time since the Reformation. A remarkable feature about this movement is that it comes from above rather than from below. The bishops have had the most prominent part in the movement as its developments are recorded in the newspapers. Two of the most significant departures have been made by the Bishops of Manchester and Liverpool: open-air services held by the Bishop of Manchester on the sands at Blackpool—the great popular seaside resort of the working classes of Lancashire and Yorkshire—and by the Bishop of Liverpool at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, another seaside resort, which, next to Blackpool, is most frequented in the summer months by the prosperous

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working classes of England's two greatest manufacturing counties. The special services on the sands at Blackpool were held every day for two weeks; and the Bishop of Manchester preached at several of these open-air meetings. Associated with Dr. Knox were Dr. Thornton, of Burnley, one of the Bishop of Manchester's suffragan bishops, and quite a band of Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates. The services originated in Dr. Knox's strong belief that the great crowds of Lancashire and Yorkshire folk who throng Blackpool during the summer season are willing to listen to other voices than those of pleasure. "I and my clerical brethren," the Bishop is reported by the Manchester "Guardian" as saying, "would be missing a great opportunity if we did not take the chance of reaching such vast congregations." While these special services were in progress a serious industrial crisis was pending in the Lancashire cotton trade, due to a dispute over a demand by the workpeople for a five per cent. advance in wages. From Blackpool the Bishop of Manchester notified the clergy of his diocese that he recommended the use of a special prayer on the two Sundays preceding the day on which the crisis in the cotton trade was to be reached. The Bishop deprecated any reference in sermons to the pending conflict; but in issuing the form of prayer to be read as part of the service on these Sundays he added, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." By concessions on the part of the mill-owners a great and devastating strike was averted; and on the following Sunday, again at the instance of the Bishop of Manchester, there was a thanksgiving prayer in all the churches of the diocese for "mercies vouchsafed to us in the conciliation between employers and employed in the cotton trade."

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The New Assistant Secretary of State

The announcement was made last week that Mr. Francis B. Loomis had resigned his office as First Assistant Secretary of State and that Mr. Robert Bacon had been appointed to succeed him. Mr. Bacon is a Harvard man and was a member of President Roosevelt's class. Until recently he has been a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. He displayed remarkable qualities for so young a man, and was generally regarded in Wall Street as the diplomat of the great banking concern. It may be remembered that in the settlement of the coal strike Mr. Bacon aided Mr. Roosevelt from the company's side of the question. The State Department should be the gainer because of Mr. Bacon's familiarity with questions of finance in many parts of the world, but especially in the Far East, together with his diplomatic ability in handling many tasks of a delicate nature. Furthermore, Mr. Bacon understands and is accustomed to the application of very advanced administrative methods. With these qualities it is not surprising that his name has been favorably considered by President Roosevelt and especially by Secretary Root in connection with the onerous and important duties which attach to the position of First Assistant Secretary of State.

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The Printers' Fight for an Eight-Hour Day

Chicago seems fated to be the labor storm-center of the country. Just now that city is the battle-ground in the contest between the book and job printers and their employers over the eight-hour day. The International Typographical Union, covering the United States and Canada, has a membership of about fifty thousand, somewhat more than half of whom are in the book and job line. The newspaper printers have had the eight-hour day for some time. In a few instances the book and job printers are working eight hours, but for the most part their normal working day is nine hours. After considerable discussion of the subject in conventions, a referendum vote of the union was taken about a year ago upon the proposition to establish an eight-hour day on January 1, 1906. The proposition was carried by a majority of over 14,000 on a rather light vote, the figures being—For the eight-hour day, 19,483; against the eight-hour day, 5,398. It was part of the proposition voted on that in each instance where the eight-hour day may be refused, work

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shall cease. At the same time there was submitted to a referendum, and carried, a proposition to create a defense fund by assessing every union printer, in addition to his regular dues, one-half of one per cent. of his weekly wages. The United Typothetæ of America (as the organization of employing printers is called) met this action with the declaration that its members would not concede the eight-hour day, and this organization, too, proceeded to raise a defense fund by levying an assessment on its members, based on the amount of the pay-roll. The proposition approved by the printers on a referendum vote merely calls for the institution of the eight-hour day on January 1 next, and stipulates nothing concerning wages. Wherever the matter has come up, however, the local union in each case has insisted that a reduction of the working day from nine hours to eight hours should not be followed by any reduction in the weekly wage rate. The employers contend that they cannot stand such a heavy increase in wages. They further argue that in plants where the eight-hour day prevails, as it does quite generally in the building trades, for example, there is no large investment. Consequently, it matters comparatively little to the employers in those lines whether the men work eight hours or longer. But in the printing business there is a large investment in plant which must lie idle for another hour during the day if the time is reduced to eight hours. It is declared to be impracticable to overcome this objection in the job-printing line by operating the plant with two shifts of men. The employers also claim that the proposition for an eight-hour day was carried on a referendum vote largely by the activity of the newspaper printers, who are not directly involved in the controversy; that the book and job printers themselves, to a considerable extent, failed to vote on the proposition at all.

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The Situation in Chicago and Elsewhere

New York was one of the first cities in which the adoption of the eight-hour day arose for discussion, the question of a new contract being up for consideration there the first of this year. The issue was postponed until the first of next year by the adoption of a scale calling for a continuation of the nine-hour day at a slightly increased wage rate for the year 1905. This threw the inauguration of the fight into the Middle West. The St. Louis union, a few weeks ago, ignoring the referendum mandate of the International Union, made a three-year contract with the employers, extending the operation of the nine-hour day beyond January 1 next. Thereupon the St. Louis union was suspended by the officers of the International organization, with the result that the nine-hour contract was revoked in order that the St. Louis union might be restored to good standing. In Chicago existing contracts expired on July 1 last. The union demanded the making of a new contract, with strong closed shop features, on the eight-hour basis. Negotiations came to naught. The employers decided that it was not wise to wait until January to open the fight, so they announced that their establishments would continue to run on the nine-hour basis. Many of the offices posted open shop notices and began to take on non-union printers, without, however, discharging the union members. This action was met in each case by the union ordering a strike. More than that, officials of the Chicago union visited the various offices to learn the intentions of the proprietors with reference to the future, and where the answer was not satisfactory the union printers at work were called out. At the beginning of last week the men on strike numbered about five hundred. The union officials claim that at least eighteen establishments have given assurances that they will concede the eight-hour day without friction when January 1 arrives. There are some indications that the employers' organization has deliberately selected Chicago as the battle-ground for the test of strength between the printers and the proprietors over the eight-hour day. This has given rise to intimations and threats that the printers, in self-defense, will soon spread the strike to other cities in the Middle West without waiting until January 1, the date set for the inauguration of the

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eight-hour day. At their annual meeting at Niagara Falls last week the United Typothetæ unanimously adopted a resolution by which its members pledge themselves singly and collectively to resist any movement on the part of the International Typographical Union to bring about an eight-hour day. The resolution as adopted maintains the right of each member to act as he chooses on the open shop question. The fight promises to be bitterly contested and long drawn out, and almost of necessity must sooner or later affect the entire country.

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The Tramp Problem

One of the problems whose solution is attempted by the Massachusetts Civic League is the abolition of the tramp nuisance and peril. This peril is the subject of a leaflet now ready for distribution by the League in its series upon different phases of local improvement. These points are made: "The hand-out creates the tramp;" "the only feasible alternative is a public lodging-house for wayfarers in every town, or within reasonable walking distance of every neighborhood where tramps apply;" "it must be clean and decent;" "work must be required;" "there must be no alternative." Joseph Lee, author of the leaflet and enthusiastic worker in many lines of civic reform, puts the case in verse thus:

"Dirt without work
Delights the shirk,
The tramp or hobo flagrant;
Work without dirt
Rewards desert
And terrifies the vagrant.

Then let us stick
By spade and pick,
By hammer and macadam;
The ancient test
Is still the best
The Lord applied to Adam."

This League procured the passage of an important law this year. While it does not compel cities and towns to give food and lodging to tramps, it says that if they do so they "shall require them, if physically able, to perform labor of some kind in return for the lodging and food furnished to them; and the places in which such persons are lodged shall be kept in such order and condition as may be prescribed by the State Board of Health." This is supplementary to laws passed last year by the initiative of the League, and all put together makes possible the weaving of a strong net around the vagrant class. Under the law the State Board of Health and the chief of the district police have jointly framed regulations for lodging-houses which make compulsory thorough ventilation, not less than 300 cubic feet of space per person, tight construction to prevent infestation by vermin, bedding which will not harbor vermin, prohibition of sleeping in day clothing and of smoking, compulsory use of shower-bath before going to bed, and use of a clean nightshirt. Strict enforcement of these conditions has already operated largely to reduce the tramp evil in towns which had been perplexed with the problem. Tramps will avoid places where they are required to work and be clean. One of the merits of these regulations is that they have regard to the few honest tramps, men genuinely looking for work—and none of that class object to the enforced cleanliness and work. Tramps always find in cities people enough from whom they can beg or steal food, clothing, and money for lodging. It is not expected that the evil can be driven from its strongholds. But the new methods have already produced a marked effect in all places except the large ones. A special State officer helps local authorities. They co-operate cordially, and the tramp evil has been reduced perceptibly this year.

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The Insurance Investigation

As we have already pointed out, the investigation now being carried on by the Armstrong Committee in New York City is not primarily intended to discover and punish wrong-doers—this is the work of the District Attorney and the Insurance Superintendent—but to gain information which shall be the basis of intelligent legislation for the future. The session of last week followed out this theory consistently. The methods of many of the large companies were taken up point by point; and the plan adopted by the Committee was especially clear

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and illuminating in that the practice of the different companies on one particular point was inquired into before a second was entered upon. Thus, the investigation took up first the size of salaries paid to high officials; second, the election of officers; and, third, the participation by officers and directors in syndicate operations, and the ownership by the companies of controlling interests in subsidiary trust companies. Officers of the Equitable, the Mutual, the New York Life, and other companies testified on all these subjects. Much that was put in evidence was already well known, but is now formally and officially confirmed. It was shown, for instance, that even where a company is avowedly mutual in its plans and not owned, as is the Equitable, by stockholders, the policy-holders really do not participate at all in the election of directors; that it is not thought worth while even to secure the proxies of many policy-holders, but that the officers keep on hand the proxies of a few thousands out of the many thousands of the policy-holders and vote them purely as a matter of form. An interesting bit of testimony was that the founder of the Equitable, the late Henry B. Hyde, publicly stated that the accumulation of surplus was not for the stockholders but for the policy-holders, and that the stock should be worth only about what was represented by the fact that it could not lawfully pay more than a seven per cent. dividend. That other companies besides the Equitable were interested in syndicate and trust companies was shown, but the witnesses were inclined to insist that the intricate and elaborate transactions between the insurance companies and the syndicates and trust companies were always carried on for the ultimate benefit and profit of the insurance companies. The real question at issue here, however, is not whether the insurance companies made a profit on these transactions, but whether they made a *smaller* profit than they would have made if their own officers (who should be in such matters acting solely as trustees and for the benefit of their policy-holders) had not profited, through their interest in syndicates or trust companies, from these transactions. This subject was only partly discussed last week, and will undoubtedly be entered into more fully. Nothing seems clearer than that legislation could and should be framed to prevent insurance officers from acting in the dual capacity of lenders and borrowers of the funds belonging to the insured.

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A Model City Charter

The city of Grand Rapids passed under a new charter September 1. The old charter, which had been in service for the fifty years of the city's incorporated existence, was totally discarded. The new code of laws, sanctioned first by a special committee of the Council, then by the Council, then by the State Legislature and the Governor, is declared by its framers to be the model charter of America. Two years of careful study were devoted to its drafting. Charters of other cities from Maine to Oregon were studied, and the best was, it is hoped, taken from each to go toward the composite whole under which this Michigan city of 100,000 will now live and be governed. Two ideas stand out prominently in this model charter. The first is found in the many safeguards provided to guarantee non-partisan administration of affairs. The second is the "home rule" theory localized; that is, the reference of all exceptionally important matters of government direct to the people for expression. It is noteworthy, also, that it tends strongly toward municipal ownership. To secure non-partisanship, all public departments—parks and cemeteries, police and fire departments, health and poor boards, water-works and lighting plant, library and museum—are put under the board government plan. Each board consists of five members, with a five-year tenure of office. One man retires each year. All are appointed by the Mayor, save library commissioners, who are elected. Administrations change every two years. Thus it is impossible for a partisan administration to secure control of a board within one term of power. In addition, however, to this safeguard, it is further provided that only three members of a board may be of one political party. For the purpose

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of holding these officials strictly to account, a form of the famous "recall" is provided, permitting the removal of any elective or appointive officer for cause. Mere department employees, however, will hold position under civil service tenets, again defeating partisan aims. The greatest innovations, however, are apparent in the sections governing the award of franchises and the expenditure of sums of money exceeding $10,000. No franchise can be awarded, and no large general contract made, without a referendum which will give the people an opportunity to vote upon the issue if fifteen per cent. of the qualified voters petition for such reference within thirty days. No franchise can be granted for more than twenty years. Every franchise must provide for municipal ownership, optional at the end of fifteen years, the transfer value to be determined by arbitration. Municipal ownership of all public utilities —even telephones—is permitted. The State Constitution has been held to prohibit municipalities from owning and operating street-car lines. This ingenious charter evades this provision by permitting municipal ownership of the street-car tracks.

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New Regulations for Forest Reserves

Many persons still suppose that the administration of our National forest reserves is not for the benefit of the communities in their neighborhood, but for the profit of the Government at Washington. They see that the reserves are patrolled and protected at Government expense and hence suppose that the revenue derived from them goes into the general fund of the United States. Such erroneous suppositions, we are glad to say, are definitely set aside by the publication of the new forest reserve regulations. They have been drafted by Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the Government Forester, and have been approved by the Secretary of Agriculture, in whose department the Forest Service is included. Mr. Pinchot's first paragraph declares that our forest reserves are for the purpose of preserving a perpetual supply of timber for home industries, preventing the destruction of the forest cover which regulates the flow of streams, and protecting local residents from unfair competition in the use of forests and ranges. The maintenance upon the reserves of a force of men organized to serve the public interest is made possible by the revenue derived from the administration of the reserves. Thus this revenue does not go into the general fund of the United States, and the administration of the reserves is therefore not indirectly but directly for the benefit of the people, the community, the home-builder. The patrol force has three duties: (1) to protect the reserves against fire, (2) to assist the people in their use, and (3) to see that the reserves are properly used. The new regulations provide for special occupancy privileges. Hotels, stores, shops, mills, summer residences, and similar establishments will be allowed upon reserve lands wherever the demand is legitimate and consistent with the best interests of the reserve. The law already specifically provides for the use of tracts not to exceed two acres for schools, and one acre for churches. Timber may be secured for the construction of school and church buildings. The law gives the Secretary of Agriculture discretion to allow or refuse the free use of forest reserve timber and stone.

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The Failure of the Subway Tavern

The public bar in New York which was fashioned somewhat after the English public-houses established by Earl Grey has encountered such financial reverses that it has been forced out of existence. Its departure has been mourned by but few, and has been the occasion of much satisfaction to those who greeted its establishment with derision. The end of the Subway Tavern, however, does not necessarily prove that the general principles upon which it was established are wrong. The experiment was not altogether a failure. In the course of its short existence, covering just about a year, it has, so it is stated by a director, killed by competition three low-class saloons in its vicinity. The Tavern, it will be remembered, was founded by a company of men who believed that the grave abuses

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surrounding the ordinary saloon could be abolished without waiting for the abolition of the saloon itself. Bishop Potter, whose name has been associated with the enterprise, had nothing to do with its establishment, though he gave his approval and evinced his interest in the plan. Mr. Joseph Johnson, Jr., the President of the Subway Tavern Company, has stated what he believes to be the reasons for its failure. Most saloons, he says, seem to make their profit from the drinker chiefly after he has drunk to excess. The fact that the Subway Tavern refused to sell to a man who had been drinking too much not only deprived the Tavern of custom just as it was "about to become profitable," but also drove away custom permanently, since "a man once refused a drink never came back." The high cost of pure beers and liquors also made it difficult for the Tavern to compete with saloons that had no compunction about selling adulterated drink. The fact, moreover, that the Subway Tavern obeyed the law deprived it of hours of trade every week which lawbreaking saloons utilized. When the Tavern was established, The Outlook pointed out the conditions which made the experiment in some really important particulars very different from that instituted by Earl Grey. It seems evident that under present conditions the law-abiding saloon which attempts to be honest and orderly cannot compete with others. Nevertheless, we are not sure that a similar tavern carried on with somewhat more wisdom would meet the same failure. The jeers and derisive wit which marked almost every newspaper notice of the Subway Tavern were invited by the management. When a special brand of cigars and a special kind of drink were given names reminiscent of Bishop Potter's participation in the opening exercises, and when every newspaper gibe was used by the Tavern as a medium for advertising, it is not to be wondered at that the press and the public accepted the Tavern as an apologetic affair which was ready to make half-humorous excuses for its own existence. This alone seems to us to be sufficient to have insured failure.

The Russo-Japanese Peace

The protests against the Russo-Japanese peace printed on another page represent a widespread spirit of discontent among the friends of Japan in this country. If Japan had good reason to expect all that she had a right to demand, The Outlook would sympathize with this discontent. But all contracts between parties of adverse interest are in the nature of a compromise; and a compromise is never entirely satisfactory to either party. This is notably true when the contracting parties are nations whose adverse interests have been so great as to lead to war, and when their armies face each other in the field, each eager to make a new trial of strength. Whatever agreement is made under such circumstances is sure to be greeted with reluctant acceptance by many, caustic criticism by some, and passionate resentment by at least a few. The violence of the mob at Tokyo, and the grudging and grumbling acquiescence of autocratic organs at St. Petersburg, are, therefore, what might have been expected. The Outlook does not share this discontent, and it certainly has no reason to feel surprise at the terms of the completed treaty, since they correspond so fully with our report, five months ago, of what Japan's ultimatum would be. We then said (April 15, 1905):

> There is very good authority for believing that, while the details of a possible arrangement between the two Powers are open to modifications in various directions, the Japanese will accept no conditions which do not guarantee their security from Russian aggression for ten or fifteen years. They have seen the steady advance of Russian power for years past, have made every effort to prepare for the struggle, and have conducted it with supreme skill and magnificent courage, and they do not propose to renew the fight except at their own time. They will, of course, ask for an indemnity, but indemnity will not be the chief thing for which they will strive. The supreme thing will be terms which will make it impossible for Russia to move again aggressively until Japan has had a long period for recovery and for development. To do this the Japanese will undoubtedly insist on holding Port Arthur and Dalny on the terms of the Russian lease; they will accept nothing short of a protectorate over Korea, to which they are entitled; they will

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insist that Manchuria shall be restored to China, and they will probably ask for an international guarantee of its integrity as part of the Chinese Empire. If they capture Vladivostok, they are not likely to insist upon keeping it, but they will not give it back to the Russians unless they receive guarantees that it will not be made a naval base and that no war fleet shall assemble there. The Chinese Eastern Railway they will probably surrender to its owners on condition that it shall not be protected by Russian guards.

We had no right to state then, and we have no right to state now, what was the "good authority" on which this report of Japan's ultimatum was based. It must suffice to say that, with but two exceptions of any practical importance, this ultimatum has been maintained. Japan holds Port Arthur and Dalny; she maintains her protectorate over Korea; Manchuria is restored to China; there is no demand on Russia for Vladivostok; all peril from it as a naval base is effectually guarded against for years to come; and the demand for indemnity is waived. But—on the one hand, Japan acquires by Russia's assent the southern half of the island of Saghalien, and, on the other, Russia is permitted to guard the Chinese Eastern Railway in northern Manchuria. Are these variations from her ultimatum, as stated by us on good authority last April, inconsistent with the determination of the Japanese to "accept no conditions which do not guarantee their security from Russian aggression for ten or fifteen years"? We think not.

In war a combatant cannot be hampered by considerations of either economy or humanity. It must spend money with a lavish hand and count no price too high to pay for victory. It must sacrifice human life with equal prodigality, as General Grant did in the battles of the Wilderness. But in determining the question, Shall we have peace or war? both economy and humanity are weighty considerations. It is alike a duty and a necessity to count the cost. We are inclined to agree with Dr. Seaman's prophecy of the probable results of a continuance of this war. General Linevich's army was doomed to defeat, though probably not to annihilation. If this is true, then, in all probability, at the end of another year Manchuria would have been freed from Russian domination, Vladivostok would have fallen, Japan would have permanently held the entire island of Saghalien, the mastery of the northern Pacific would have been secured to her. "For all time"? Of that we are not so sure. "All time" is a long while. But certainly for a quarter of a century. Would this be worth so much more to Japan than that which she has secured by treaty as to recompense the awful cost—cost in money, involving a terrible burden of taxation for years to come, and possibly a peril of national bankruptcy;[1] cost in men, who, just because they are eager to offer their lives for their country's salvation, ought not to be asked to die if that salvation does not require their death?

We answer this question unhesitatingly in the negative.

She would have been no nearer indemnity then than now. For a defeated nation pays indemnity, not because of the damage she has inflicted on her conqueror, but because of the damage she fears her conqueror will inflict on her. Russia's payment of any indemnity might easily have inflicted an irreparable injury on her empire. The payment of tribute as a condition of peace would be regarded by all Russia's Asiatic tribes as an evidence of her subjugation and would certainly weaken and perhaps destroy Russia's authority over them. On the other hand, with the Russians expelled from all Manchuria, the whole Chinese Eastern Railway in the possession of Japan, and Vladivostok a Japanese port, and so Russia's access to the East wholly at the mercy of Japan, there would have been left no further peril to her empire from which she would have been forced to escape by payment of an indemnity.

In fact, Japan secures an indemnity by abandoning her claim for it. The value of naval and other constructions at Port Arthur and Dalny is estimated by some authorities at two hundred millions, the Russian lease of the Chinese Eastern Railway in southern Manchuria, with its

[1] It is true that of Japan's last loan $170,000,000 is as yet untouched; but her debt is almost a thousand million dollars. Another year of war would have cost at least another five hundred million, and the development of southern Manchuria, Korea, and southern Saghalien probably five hundred million more; most of her resources are already mortgaged, and the capacity of her people for taxation would be by further imposts dangerously tested.

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unfinished branch to Kirin, is variously estimated at from two to five hundred millions, and the southern half of Saghalien, with its undeveloped mineral deposits, naphtha wells, fish fertilizers, and salmon fisheries, at three to six hundred millions more. To Russia's vigorous affirmative, "Not a kopeck for indemnity," Japan assents—and receives from Russia approximately a thousand million dollars—not called indemnity.

Nor would Japan have been more effectually protected from Russian aggression by such a victory of arms than she is by the present treaty of peace. Manchuria is now cleared of Russian military control by diplomacy instead of by conquest. It is true that Russia retains a right to furnish military protection to the railway which is her highway to the Pacific, and in this conceded right is some peril to both China and Japan. But it is also true that if Japan had driven Russian troops from Manchuria by force of arms, she would have had to protect the country she had set free, and this would have required a permanent army of no insignificant proportions, and involved a constant peril of a new outbreak of hostilities. Vladivostok remains a Russian-Siberian port. But its ice-bound harbor opens on a sea which, by the cession of the southern half of Saghalien, is so far surrounded by Japanese territory as to be practically a Japanese lake, and is thus scarcely more available for offensive warfare than is Odessa in the Black Sea while the Golden Horn remains under Turkish control. No fleet can gather at Vladivostok without Japan's acquiescence, no fleet could be constructed there without her knowledge, and an ice-bound port is an impossible base for effective naval warfare. Dalny and Port Arthur are held by Japan, and they give her the command of the Gulf of Pechili and make her the natural protector of all northeastern China. The restoration of Manchuria to China assures China of Japan's friendship, and puts a neutral zone five or six hundred miles in width between the southernmost boundary of Russia at the Amur River and the northernmost boundary of Japan's protected neighbor, Korea, at the mouth of the Yalu. Only immediately upon the coast, just south of Vladivostok, are the territories contiguous. It is true that there is no international guarantee of the integrity of Manchuria as a part of the Chinese Empire; but Japan has secured what is far better than such an international guarantee. Her new treaty with Great Britain, signed at Westminster contemporaneously with the signature of the Russo-Japanese treaty at Portsmouth, constitutes part of one and the same chapter of international history. By this Anglo-Japanese alliance, if its terms are correctly reported, Japan and Great Britain have agreed to unite in maintaining the *status quo* in the East from nearly the western boundary of Persia eastward to the Pacific Ocean, so that if that *status quo* is attacked by any Power, both Great Britain and Japan will unite to defend it. Thus Great Britain becomes a quasi-guarantor that Russia will fulfill her part of the Russo-Japanese treaty.

Comparing, then, the ultimatum of April with the treaty of August, it appears to us that all, and more than all, that Japan demanded she has obtained. She has proved herself as far-seeing in the council chamber as in campaigning, and by her diplomacy has achieved results of which, happily, the blinding passions of the short-sighted mob cannot deprive her. The conditions which now exist secure her from Russian aggression more effectually than she could have been secured by further victories over her enemy. By denying herself territorial ambitions and resolutely insisting on China's territorial integrity, she has laid the foundation for a lasting alliance with China, whose leader, in the new life on which that Empire is entering, Japan is destined to be. By not seeking to humiliate her enemy she has increased the esteem which her treatment of Russian prisoners had already won for her from Russian liberals, and so opened the way for the establishment of amicable relations which there is very good authority for thinking will result at an early date in a close commercial treaty between the two empires. By the self-restraint of her statesmen she has enhanced the respect which the valor of her soldiers and sailors had won for her from European Powers; and she has secured a new

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treaty of alliance with Great Britain which is of infinitely greater value to her than any indemnity. With the British and Japanese fleets united on the sea, and with China organized as a military power under Japan's leadership upon the land—and this result will not be long delayed, though all Russian Oriental aspirations may not be relinquished, and why should they be?—Japan, China, and the world may rest assured that for at least the next quarter-century there will be no attempt to realize those aspirations by military aggression.

For these reasons The Outlook is not able to share the disappointment felt by some friends of Japan at the terms of the Russo-Japanese treaty. We believe that by her moderation Japan has achieved at Portsmouth and at Westminster—and the two treaties to be comprehended must be read together—a result as advantageous to herself and as beneficent to the cause of civilization as those that she has won by her valor on sea and land.

On the Educational Firing Line

Those who read the article on "Education in the Philippines" in The Outlook for August 5 may have wondered what part is taken in the organized educational campaign by the eight hundred American teachers who have received appointments under civil service regulations and are maintained in the archipelago on liberal salaries. The printed extracts from an address by Dr. Barrows, the General Superintendent of Education, on "The Supervising Teacher," which have just reached the United States, furnish a partial answer to this query. The address begins with the declaration that the ideals kept before those who are administering public education in the Philippines are by no means limited to the giving of ordinary class-room instruction in the common English branches. Those ideals include rather "a large, general purpose to raise the spiritual character, the industrial efficiency, and the political capacity of the entire people."

It is only as this broader purpose is kept in view that the work of the American district "supervising" teacher in the Philippine school system has its true significance. For the American district teacher has relations not only with the pupils and the native teachers of the schools, but with the people of his district, individually and collectively. "He must consult tactfully and helpfully," says the circular issued by the Bureau of Education, "with the municipal president and council, represent the school needs of the locality to this body, and obtain their co-operation and municipal support. His relationship with the people of the town must be kind, helpful, and above reproach." He is frequently the only American resident in his district, which may embrace several municipalities and outlying territory equal to one of our counties.

In this administrative area our supervising teacher has under him a corps of from six to thirty native teachers. New schools are organized from time to time in the smaller villages under his direction. In a typical district described by Dr. Barrows in his address there are two central *pueblo* schools, six miles apart, one employing five Filipino teachers and the other three; there are fourteen small schools scattered about among the *barrios*, or hamlets. The entire district covers an area of about sixty square miles and has a population of 26,000. Much of the time of the supervising teacher is necessarily spent in the saddle. His routine of work, as outlined by Dr. Barrows, is something like this:

> He visits nine of his *barrio* schools each week, spending about an hour in each one. Twice a month he visits the mountain *barrios*, and at equal intervals, unless the sea is too rough, he visits the school on the little island off the coast. Every afternoon from 3:30 to 5 he has a teachers' training class attended by nearly all the central and *barrio* teachers and by six *aspirantes*, or apprentice teachers, who are serving without pay. These teachers receive regular graded instruction in English branches and are drilled in methods of school work and school organization. Three evenings a week he has a night school from 7:30 to 9, attended by about twenty-five adults of the town, including several of the town officials. About once a week there is a meeting of the Town Board, which he fre-

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quently attends to lay before this Council the needs of the schools.

But to fill this position to the satisfaction of the men at the head of the Philippine school system it is not enough that the ordinary duties of school supervision and administration be faithfully performed. It is expected of the supervising teacher that he shall study the geography and sociology of his district and "become thoroughly acquainted with all of its life and activities, with its people, its difficulties, and its wrongs." In some districts it is customary for almost any member of the community, however humble, to go to the American resident teacher for advice and help. It is through such service as this that the American university man may contribute most effectively to the uplifting of a less fortunate race. Not even to the English colonial administration has such an opportunity come. It is gratifying to learn that the university graduates who are now at the front in the Philippine campaign are a credit to American manhood and womanhood.

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Music in America

In 1850 Thoreau wrote in his journal (as it appears in the "Atlantic Monthly" for last March), "I am much indebted to my neighbor who will now and then in the intervals of his work draw forth a few strains from his accordion. Though he is but a learner, I find, when his strains cease, that I have been elevated." And the next year he moralized upon an organ-grinder "thrilling the street with harmony," disregarding the philanthropic offer of a rich woman, but nevertheless "feeding her ears with melody unasked for;" and Thoreau gravely adds: "It is, after all, perhaps the best instrumental music that we have"!

It would scarcely be possible for a man of Thoreau's standing to commit himself to such a standard of taste today. The accordion and hand-organ still entertain thousands, but they hardly serve as a stimulus to poetical reflection. No one who has education enough to write good English would now venture the opinion, without a trace of humor, that either of these soul-scraping machines represents in America the heights of achievement in instrumental music. Thoreau describes the organ-grinder as "loosening the very paving-stones and tearing the routine of life to rags and tatters." Even in this humble and strenuous occupation the organ-grinder, poor man, has lost his supremacy. What chance has he, now that American audiences can listen to the orchestral works of Richard Strauss?

The fifty years and more since Thoreau wrote his naïve musical confessions have brought about a great change in the status of music in America. The year before the Hermit of Walden made the first of those two entries in his journal, William Mason set sail for Bremen to study music. He became personally acquainted with Schumann, Meyerbeer, Moscheles, Wagner, Liszt, Brahms; he breathed music in the air; he acquired a knowledge of its standards not only by grueling labor, but also subconsciously by association with those to whom high standards in music were commonplace. He has given in his "Memories of a Musical Life" an account of his experiences. Just fifty years ago he settled down in America to teach. His influence as teacher and guide, as a pianist, and as a director or promoter of concerts has been no small force in producing the change in musical standards from that of Thoreau's accordion and hand-organ to that of the great orchestras of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Chicago. The story of that change can be gathered from the record to be found in the sumptuously published "History of American Music," by Louis C. Elson.

It is not alone, however, that we in America have come to a knowledge of European music. America is beginning to create a music of its own and to develop its own distinctive musical traits. Of course that does not mean that the people of the United States are manufacturing out of negro melodies and Indian songs a new kind of musical style; it means simply that the same traits of unconventionality and boldness, of freedom and cosmopolitanism, that have characterized the American way of reading

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and writing literature, and of viewing and painting pictures, are also beginning to characterize the American way of hearing and of composing music. Sometimes these traits are seen in a blemish, sometimes in an achievement of high artistic value; but, whether for the making or the marring of art, it will be by these and other National traits, not by any sophisticated treatment of some non-European folk-song, that American music will be made distinctive. American civilization is but European civilization transplanted, though changed somewhat in the transplanting. So American music is and always will be transplanted European music, though it is gathering new qualities out of the new soil.

The natural impulse is to look for these distinctive traits in the works of American composers. For more than one reason, it is in musical compositions that these traits are slowest to appear. The conditions under which music is performed in America, to suggest but one reason, make music slower to respond to National traits than even literary art. Nevertheless, American traits are not wanting in American compositions. In the recently published "Songs by Thirty Americans," in "The Musicians' Library," there is one which epitomizes the American spirit in music: Harvey Worthington Loomis's song, "In the Foggy Dew," is an Irish lilt; but in the boldness and zest with which the melody is sustained and in the directness and candor with which the apt harmony, however unconventional, is chosen, the American origin of the composition is disclosed. It is after this fashion that American music will become distinctive; not by the affectation of an American mannerism, but by the unconscious expression of American temperament.

Such an expression of the American temperament is to be found even more clearly in the way in which Americans study music. As American superficiality is displayed unfortunately in the way we make sky-scrapers transparently imitate the architecture of the classic, the Gothic, and the Renaissance periods, so it is exhibited in innumerable "piano lessons" and even in public school music classes. Better American traits, however, are beginning to show themselves in some places where music is taught. "Melodia," by Mr. Samuel W. Cole and Professor Leo R. Lewis, which is designed for instruction in sight-singing, indicates how readily and wisely the American can abandon tradition; and Professor Walter R. Spalding's very able and refreshingly unpedantic text-book, "Tonal Counterpoint," proves that scholarly knowledge of this intricate but fundamental branch of musical technique can be freed from the trammels of scholasticism by an American love of genuineness and an American disregard of inherited but useless conventions.

The future progress of music in America, however, will depend less on the composers of music or the teachers of musical technique than on the existence of an intelligent and discriminating body of hearers. The art of listening to music is a necessary complement to the art of composing music, and can be had only by some sort of training. For a certain emotional enjoyment of music no education, of course, is necessary. Thoreau was doubtless quite as genuinely entertained by his accordion and hand-organ as the most appreciative listener at the performance of a Brahms concerto; but if Americans were all Thoreaus, we should be, perhaps not materially unhappier, but surely immeasurably poorer. To be able to recognize as well as enjoy good music, to be able to discriminate between it and the bad, and to be able to understand in some degree why it is good, is to help make good music current and thus add to the artistic riches of the country. Every sign, therefore, that there are intelligent and discriminating listeners to music in America is a promise of American musical advancement. That the body of such listeners is growing is shown by the increasing number of books designed to answer their natural inquiries or to stimulate and direct their taste, and especially by the appearance of a book of such serious and illuminating musical criticism as Daniel Gregory Mason's "Beethoven and His Forerunners." Like his companion book, "From Grieg to Brahms," it has charm of style, it is unobtrusively analytic, and it traces musical development to a suc-

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cession of musical personalities of whom the music is an expression. Here again American traits present themselves in the freshness of view, the love of reality, the freedom from scholasticism, and the rapid, confident, and efficient progress of the argument from beginning to end.

These books are signs of the times, and they all point in one direction. They all show that music in America, once exotic, is becoming indigenous, that, once hardly more than a means of amusement in America, it has already become a widely honored and appreciated art, and that it is sharing the experience of other immigrants, and, while modifying the character of the country, is itself becoming American.

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A Medical Estimate of Prayer

At the recent annual meeting of the British Medical Association a testimony was given to the therapeutic value of prayer which should be recorded over against the skeptical views of some scientists. Dr. Theodore B. Hyslop, Superintendent of Bethlem Royal Hospital, has a reputation as a specialist in neurology and in the treatment of mental disease which adds weight to his words: "As an alienist and one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind, I would state that of all hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depressed spirits, and all the miserable sequels of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the simple habit of prayer." It matters not, in Dr. Hyslop's view, what are one's theological conceptions—anthropomorphic or rationalistic—of the infinite environment with which prayer attempts to commune; the effect is the same: "Let there but be a habit of nightly communion, not as a mendicant or repeater of words more adapted to the tongue of a sage, but as a humble individual who submerges or asserts his individuality as an integral part of a greater whole. Such a habit does more to clean the spirit and strengthen the soul to overcome mere incidental emotionalism than any other therapeutic agent known to me."

Mediæval superstition, connecting medical art with magic supposed to be learned from evil spirits, used the proverb, "*Ubi duo medici, tres athei.*" In some quarters this stigma is not yet entirely effaced, and medical men are perhaps not fully free of responsibility for whatever of it lingers. On the background of such a history Dr. Hyslop's testimony before an audience of specialists is highly significant of the trend of scientific thought away from materialistic conceptions of mind and of religion. "I believe it," said he, "to be our object, as teachers and physicians, to fight against all those influences which tend to produce either religious intemperance or indifference, and to subscribe, as best we may, to that form of religious belief, so far as we can find it practically embodied or effective, which believes in 'the larger hope,' though it condemns unreservedly the demonstrable superstition and sentimentality which impede its progress."

Not many years ago Professor Tyndall's challenge of the religious world to try a prayer-test on a selected number of hospital patients was deemed by many, upon its being declined, to have refuted the claim of a healing power in prayer. As a physicist, Tyndall was, on this subject, not within his own province, as Hyslop, a psychologist, is. Religious men, to be sure, have made extravagant claims, and scientific men also have shot beyond the mark. But Dr. Hyslop's competence to speak in the name of science is unquestionable, and what he affirms as a discovery of medical science is identical with the immemorial faith of religion, that there is a place for prayer in the very nature of things. Not only does he find this place to be foremost among restorative agents. Of the religious enthusiasm which the nature of prayer is to feed and sustain he affirms that it "embodies the most healthy and preservative development of our social forces." Among the many notable utterances in which science is now evincing herself to be the handmaid of religion, these, the most recent, are as memorable as any.

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The Peace of Portsmouth

From a Staff Correspondent

"THE Slav nature is, psychologically, nearer to the Anglo-Saxon than is the Latin. It is shown in both language and literature." So spoke Baron Rosen, Russian Ambassador at Washington and one of the peace plenipotentiaries at Portsmouth.

"An Englishman thinks he understands a Frenchman," the Baron continued, "but, as a matter of fact, he understands him only so far and no farther. This is also true of a Frenchman's understanding of an Englishman. The English and Russian languages are pliable, flexible. The French language, on the contrary, is a fixed quantity. You cannot well translate your English thought into French. In order to speak or write French, you must first think in French. When your English thought has become precise and defined, as is the French language, then, and not till then, can you fully express it in that language. Now, English and Russian thought is often elastic, incompressible. Hence it needs, as a medium of expression, not the crystallized French, but the uncrystallized English or Russian language.

"Not only in language, but also in literature—and they lie at the base of everything—the Slav is socially nearer to the Anglo-Saxon than either is to the Latin. Look at the miserable translations of Shakespeare in French. Look at the admirable translations in Russian. I was interested the other day by a confirmation of this from your Mr. Howells, who takes issue with Mr. Henry James at the latter's glorification of Balzac in a recent number of the 'Atlantic Monthly.' To Mr. Howells, Russian authors like Ivan Turgénev and Lyof Tolstoy, with their elastic altruism, are not only higher types, but are far closer to your Anglo-Saxon nature than is the Latin Honoré de Balzac, who in his way is a capital type of the more precise but perhaps more selfish French nature."

This is certainly an interesting contribution to a better Russo-Anglo-American racial understanding. The peace conference has, I think, also contributed to a better understanding, by each of the three nations represented here, Russia, Japan, America, of the modes of self-expression characteristic of the others. The Russian, brilliant and masterful, relies on inspiration; the Oriental, slower but apparently more permanently powerful, relies on exactness of knowledge and preparation. Take, for a Slav example, Sergius Witte, the ranking Russian plenipotentiary here. He is not, like Baron Rosen, a diplomat pure and simple. "Witte is before everything a man of affairs," said a member of the Russian embassy to me the other day. "A Finance Minister if you will, and the greatest that Russia has ever known, but, after all and always, a hustler, a promoter, a man impatient of details. To such an offhand man many papers and much preparation seem superfluous. Instantly he weighs and analyzes an argument, and quickly and bluntly he states his case. In the conferences—and I know whereof I speak—Mr. Witte would apparently carry all before him. But in those conferences Baron Komura, as ranking Japanese envoy, Witte's opponent in argument—would not argue! Komura would only read his proposition from a paper before him. Then he would repeat it, as often as any one wished, but he rarely, like Witte, got off his guard. If Komura ever dared to wander from the straight path, he knew that the marvelous Russian would very likely have him at a disadvantage. Komura's plan was first to fortify himself with encyclopædic knowledge. One day, in conference, the Russians' talk turned on the distance from Chita, on the Trans-Siberian Railway, to Harbin. None of them knew how far it was. So Komura, with his characteristic quietness and exactness, supplied the information concerning the Russians' own territory. Again, Komura always forecast as far as possible any coming discussion. He wrote out the questions, the replies, and the prob-

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able final solution. In this exact, well-nigh painful preparation the otherwise great Witte is no particular adept. The two methods, inspiration of the moment and slow preparation, are characteristic of the Slav and the Japanese."

It was interesting to contrast the two envoys after the epoch-making event of August 29, when peace terms were finally arranged. As was anticipated, the talk on both sides was freer after that date. The Slav, as represented by Sergius Witte, was all emotion, touch-and-go, a splendid show of feeling. The Oriental, as represented by Baron Komura, remained to outsiders courteous but cryptic, polished but impenetrable; to those near him, more than ever full of vivacious, spiritual, exquisite charm. Mr. Witte confessed, as did others: "Last week I did not know the nature of the Japanese. Their final yielding to my insistence was a joyful surprise to me." It was no surprise to those who saw that Japan could get no indemnity by peace terms, and could not collect it by war measures. Then why persist in its demand, no matter how justified the principle? Mr. Witte continued: "I was importuned on every hand to make concessions. Some of your countrymen, some of my own, advised me to pay an indemnity. But I would not give a penny. And we have won." Sergius Witte may be said to be the winner of Russia's only victories during the past eighteen months. He is certainly justified in adding, exultingly: "I have saved my country money and I have made peace. The peace is honorable to both sides. The war is at an end. I thought it must go on. I had no hope. Instead, we are to have peace. It seems incredible. It has been brought about here in this old town, and it is the greatest pride in my life that I had a hand in it. I wish also to say that your President has been a tremendous help. I am delighted, overjoyed. Russia and Japan can now consider other problems." In that consideration, however, Mr. Witte's "diplomatic victory" will probably be found to be slight in comparison with the moral as well as material victory achieved by Baron Komura.

The night before Baron Komura left the hotel he gave a public reception to offset, as he said, the reticence which hitherto he had been bound to observe. It was a pleasant sight to see the fraternizing of the respective plenipotentiaries and their secretaries, but it was especially interesting to contrast Sergius Witte and Jutaro Komura. The first has a hearty hand-grasp, a naïve appreciation of popular approval, an apparent obliviousness of his own rank, an absence of condescension, but an unwieldy physique which ill accords with the penetrating expression of his fine eyes. Despite his towering, massive bulk, matching his well-earned fame as Russia's greatest statesman, he somehow leaves you with an impression of world-weariness. In comparison, his host, the tiny Japanese Baron, seemed physically tinier than before, but his modesty and restraint seemed the more alluring, his manner only the more vivacious, entertaining, captivating, the glow and gleam of his expression and conversation with its flashes of optimism like diamond cut diamond. One might almost think him the John Hay of Japan.

Before he left New England Baron Komura did three things. First, he gave a thousand dollars to the Hotel Wentworth servants. Next, he handed to Governor McLane a check for ten thousand dollars to be divided among the benevolent institutions of New Hampshire, an act followed three days later by a similar gift from the Russians. Finally, Baron Komura visited Harvard, his old Alma Mater, and the place where he once pored over books of law and history, spending his evenings with his four favorite authors—Bacon, Milton, Emerson, Scott. As he said, "Those were days of simple living and high thinking. They were happy days."

"No happier than these later days, when you signed treaties with England and Russia?" was my query.

"Those things are only the results," he replied; "the preparation for them is the real pleasure."

The signing of the Russo-Japanese treaty reminds one of the renewal three weeks ago of the Anglo-Japanese treaty, but on broader terms. The first treaty was signed on January 30, 1902, and pub-

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lished fourteen days later. "Such an immediate publication gave to it," as a member of the Japanese embassy here claims, "a unique distinction among treaties. Its force formed the backbone in Japan for the war now ended. Without it the war could not have been fought."

"Why?" I inquired. "You have shown that you could whip Russia single-handed. Do you think that any Power would have joined Russia but for the Anglo-Japanese treaty?"

"Most assuredly," he replied.

"What Power? France?"

"You have said it," he declared. "The Power which for months harbored Rojesvensky's fleet at Madagascar would have finally aided Russia by force of arms had it not been for the treaty."

"But the fleet off Madagascar lay outside the three-mile limit," I persisted.

"That is true," he answered, "yet it did not hinder the Russians from continually receiving provisions from the shore by means of small boats. In addition, the French violated neutrality when the Russian fleet lay off the Franco-Asiatic coast, and only the protests of other neutral nations brought them to their senses. They tried to excuse themselves by saying that it was the local authorities' fault, that the home government's attitude had been correct."

"You feel, then, that the Anglo-Japanese treaty really saved the situation."

"Well, rather," replied my friend. "It saved it for us. In its new form it may save it for England."

"You refer to India and Persia?"

"Exactly," said he.

Later I asked a Japanese official, "How was China's request to take part in the conference regarded in Japan?"

"So far as Korea is concerned," he replied, "the fate of that country no longer disturbs China. By the treaty of Shimonoseki, China renounced her own claim to suzerainty. But so far as the fate of Manchuria is concerned, China certainly had a right, not to demand admittance into a purely Russo-Japanese conference, but to demand that her authority be restored. Now, that is one of the reasons why we went to war. We won our point, and, what is more, China's interests are safe in our hands."

"How about any reimbursement to China?" I inquired.

"Reimbursement!" he exclaimed. "Long before fighting began China had virtually abandoned the administration of large portions of Manchuria. It was in these portions that the fighting took place. But, this aside, rest assured that China will reap a hundredfold from what Japan has done for her."

"How about the open door?"

"Our first Anglo-Japanese treaty explicitly declared one of its chief objects to be the maintenance of China's independence and of her territorial and commercial integrity. You will find that clause repeated in the second treaty. Moreover, you may remember that in the negotiations two years ago, before the outbreak of the war, Baron Komura telegraphed to Mr. Kurino, our Minister at St. Petersburg, 'Japan objects to Russia's permanent occupation of Manchuria, because the principle of equal opportunity would thereby be annulled.' Furthermore, in his first formal note to the Russian Government outlining a settlement of the disputes regarding China and Korea, Baron Komura asked for 'a mutual engagement to maintain the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations;' in other words, for the recognition of the 'open door' principle. Your great Mr. Hay spent the last years of his life in battling for this recognition. We early declared for it. We have now secured it from Russia. The Slavs and the Orientals will now meet on a common, mutually profitable ground, for they need our manufactures and we need their raw products. Thus our triumph is also yours.

"In this we have received little help from China. And yet it was emphatically in her own interest to lend us every help. If God helps only those who help themselves, it is certainly difficult for man to help those who will not help themselves. Moreover, during the war now happily ended, China has often failed to maintain her own neutrality. What she has done, she has done only because she knew that the neutral nations were swinging a club over her head. Differ as we may in other respects, the Slav and the Japanese under-

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stand that this is the only way to get on with China—to swing the club. Mind, I do not say that one should not disguise the club. One should assuredly exhaust all resources of diplomacy and kindness. But in the ultimate analysis only the club counts. Look at your present trouble with the Chinese boycott. If I were Secretary Root, I would simply call attention to your treaty with China, signed in 1858, by which, at any Chinese port open to international trade, American citizens are allowed to import and export any merchandise of which the importation is not forbidden by Imperial law. Let the Chinese also understand that your Secretary of State and your Secretary of War are working together. They will come down from their high horse, despite the unjust application of your too drastic exclusion law." This is exactly what Secretary Taft has done at Canton, Amoy, and Shanghai.

When the Russians made their first concessions to the Japanese, there was unrest in St. Petersburg. When the Japanese made their first concessions to the Russians, there was unrest in Tokyo. When the final concessions were made, a demonstration was made in front of Baron Komura's own house, and also in front of the house of the Minister of the Interior, thus showing that the mob's anger was directed towards the Government's home control as well as its foreign policy.

Regarding this, Mr. Sato, Secretary of the Japanese Embassy, said: "We have rough characters in Tokyo, as you have in New York. That class of people pick out a chance to create disturbance whenever any public question is before the masses. I think by the time we get home all this local disturbance will have blown over. But the Japanese populace were expecting large sums of money, which we at Portsmouth realized could not be obtained. The peace terms do not seem to satisfy the people, but then the people are not always the best judges of what is best for the country. They do not always understand. The peace which has been arranged is a permanent one and is for the best interests of Japan. The great mass of the people received the news, I learn, without joy, but with resignation, as a man in your country accepts his mother-in-law!"

"Will the Katsura Ministry fall?" I asked one of Mr. Sato's colleagues.

"Of course," he exclaimed. "It ought to have gone two years ago, when it was defeated in Parliament on an adverse vote. Now it will surely go."

"Will the popular feeling against Baron Komura, as Foreign Minister, be strong enough to end the Ministry?"

"I fear so," said he; "but, paradoxical as it may seem, the Premier, Count Katsura, may be permanently retired and Baron Komura only temporarily."

"Why so?"

"Because Baron Komura is non-partisan. He belongs to neither of our great parties, Liberal or Progressive. For the moment popular feeling may be against him, judged from the 'Nichi Nichi's' remarks. That paper, however, and the Tokyo mob had better realize, as they soon will, that their conduct criticises the Emperor's lofty and far-sighted statesmanship. Now, no Japanese may criticise his Emperor. Not only the personality, but the unshakable position and the supreme power which our Mikado has enjoyed for twenty-five hundred years are assured to him, so far as treaty-making is concerned, by our Constitution, and that Constitution says: 'The Emperor declares war, makes peace, and concludes treaties.' His power in this is unrestricted. He has decreed the treaty just made. Let him who dares criticise him, by criticising what he and the Czar have decreed and will ratify—the Peace of Portsmouth."

Proud little Portsmouth! Proud because of Paul Jones, proud because of the Spanish prisoners, proud because of the Russo-Japanese conference. September 5, 1905, will be a memorable date in international history, and will ever be connected with the name of quaint, quiet, delightful, colonial Portsmouth. No wonder that the General Storage Warehouse at the Portsmouth Navy-Yard has become known as "The Peace Building." For there was hammered out that first treaty signed between two foreign Powers on the American continent—the Peace of Portsmouth!

E. F. B.

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The Oriental Armistice

By Louis L. Seaman

The approval with which the peace between Russia and Japan has been received in this country is by no means unanimous. The Outlook publishes herewith two protests against the terms of that peace by writers who speak on this subject with authority. Professor Paul S. Reinsch, of the University of Wisconsin, is known to students of modern history by his thoughtful volumes on "World Politics" and "Colonial Government." Major Seaman has just returned from Manchuria, and writes after a careful investigation upon the ground, not only of military conditions, but of varying trends of opinion. His article in The Outlook last winter on the "Sanitary and Medical Work in the Japanese Army" was one of the notable fruits of his field investigations. The opinions of such men on the complicated questions involved in the Russo-Japanese Treaty are entitled to great weight. Our reasons for dissenting from their conclusions, while fully recognizing the truth embodied in their contributions, will be found in our editorial pages.—THE EDITORS.

WHILE the world from Occident to Orient is ringing with the praises of Mr. Roosevelt for his activity in the negotiations between Russia and Japan just culminated at Portsmouth, it may seem out of harmony to strike another chord; but the Manchurian problem is a complicated one, and in differing from the conclusions so generally accepted the writer is but reflecting the sentiment of many who have participated in the great conflict, and who believe that the verdict of history will reverse this opinion. While regarding the moral victory of Japan as complete, they consider the physical conditions attending it as of the gravest moment. To them it seems as though the splendid magnanimity of the Japanese has not been accepted in the spirit in which it was intended, but is taken as an indication of her weakness, and will be so interpreted to the great masses of Russia's more ignorant population, and that in the moment of her overwhelming victory Japan had signed an agreement that is not a declaration of peace, but merely an extended armistice. To them it seems that neither side was ready for peace. The Japanese, with their magnificent army of 600,000 on the firing line, extending over a hundred miles from wing to wing, was in the finest physical condition, and its units, like leashed dogs, stood ready to annihilate its adversary. Its artillery, a large amount of which was captured from the Russians at Mukden, Shaho, and Liaoyang, was superior to any the Japanese have ever had before, while a superb troop of cavalry stood ready to cut the railway behind the army of Linevich as soon as the battle opened, so that there would have been no more "masterly advances to the north in perfect order," *à la* Kuropatkin. As a single evidence of the perfection of detail exercised by this army, it may be stated that 62,000 empty beds stood waiting, with plenty of attendants, ready to receive the wounded from the battle which it was thought would throw the record of Mukden in the shade. Linevich, with his army of between 350,000 and 400,000 men, with overcrowded hospitals, with infectious diseases in his ranks, the units of which were mostly Finns and Poles, was in an almost desperate position, as were the autocrats in St. Petersburg who controlled him, and who are now claiming that he stood on the verge of victory. The truth is that this whole autocracy would have preferred to have seen that entire army used as cannon fodder by the Japanese rather than to have it return to Russia, where each unit would become a separate source for the spread of sentiments antagonistic to the present régime. Had this battle occurred, it would have settled for all time the question of the mastery of the northern Pacific. Naturally, Vladivostok would have fallen, with the whole coast to the Behring Straits, and Russia would have been forced to relinquish her Oriental aspirations, and so a permanent peace would have been secured.

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Then, indeed, Japan might have relinquished her claim for indemnity, for she would have won the peace to which the splendid sacrifices of her army and her people entitle her—a peace which would mean security for the future, disarmament and the welding of the sword into the pruning-hook and the plowshare, the opportunity to develop her industries and upbuild her universities, her arts, and her sciences.

Now her future must be devoted to the maintenance of this armament for her protection. But Russia herself will be the one to suffer most through this unfortunate outcome. To her it will mean that the emancipation of her people, which seemed almost within their grasp, has been postponed a century. It will mean that the lesson to be drawn from the sufferings and sacrifices and defeats of this terrible campaign will be lost. It will mean the throttling of liberty and the strengthening of autocracy within her realms, the crucifixion of progress and the restoration of mediævalism. It is not hard to understand why a large part of the world rings with delight at this solution. Germany is naturally "overjoyed" at the prospect of supplying more Krupps to both countries and of the strengthening of the autocracy and dynastic institutions. France is delighted, and congratulates herself on the prospect of recuperating her depleted finances, while England, with her new alliance with Japan, congratulates herself that, come what may, she has an ally upon whom she may place dependence to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for her in case of future hostilities. One more smashing defeat would have freed Russia from the brutal conditions under which she now exists and would have loosened the shackles of countless thousands for all time. The temporary benefits of peace are in no way comparable to the issues which have been sacrificed in its purchase. War, as Sherman says, may be hell, but there is a peace that is worse than hell—the peace which compels its millions to waste their energies in the creation of machines for human destruction and prevents its votaries from enjoying liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The splendid policy of the late lamented Secretary Hay has had another blow in the release by the Americans of the concession granted by the Chinese for their Hankow Canton Railway, resulting from the shocking duplicity of the stock-gambling syndicate who obtained the original concession and afterwards sold its controlling interest to the Belgians, the tools of the wary Muscovite. Those familiar with this deal know that the Russo-Chinese Bank financed the scheme, and that China was perfectly justified in her recent cancellation of its privileges, which were granted only on condition that they remain in American hands. A repetition of this kind of double dealing, together with the iniquitous manner in which the exclusion laws are enforced, will soon neutralize the splendid work that Mr. Hay so successfully inaugurated by his open-door policy. The attempt to foist upon the community the idea that China is antagonistic to American interests and American influence is another injustice to China. It is time that the world recognized that in the great race of civilization, and in the greater race for the survival of the fittest, the nation that has preserved the integrity of its government over six thousand years, that has witnessed the rise and fall of the civilizations of Chaldea, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, that can claim the discovery of the compass, gunpowder, the game of chess, and the printing-press, whose citizens have proved themselves the most trusted accountants in the banking houses of the Orient, winning their way from poverty to wealth through habits of law-abiding, peaceful industry, economy, and perseverance, is more to be feared for its virtues than its vices. That China is rapidly awakening to an appreciation of her surroundings and to an emancipation from her former condition is evidenced by the reforms she is now making. Within a very recent period public schools for modern education have been established, one in each district, and a higher school in each prefect, with a college or university in each province, for the successful operation of which the local Governor is held responsible. To enforce this edict issued by the Emperor, several magistrates have

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been censured or removed for failing to carry out its mandates. Instead of conferring degrees on successful literati in public examinations, where for past centuries a knowledge of the classics of Confucius was accepted as the standard of scholarship, the places of honor and privilege are now awarded to students holding certificates from these modern colleges, or who have been educated abroad. An army of thirty thousand strong is to be created in each of the twenty-three provinces of China, and to be drilled and commanded by officers who have studied in military colleges abroad. China is adopting the same methods of studying the institutions of foreign countries that were pursued by Japan, and it is the hope of her influential men of to-day that ere long it will lead to her political regeneration and the establishment of a Parliament. Especially grateful is she to John Hay, who preserved her integrity from the hungry vultures of Europe, and no influence is more welcome in her borders than that of America. Three thousand Chinese students are now in the universities of Japan, and many also in those of Germany and England; but as an evidence of the desire of the Chinese for greater participation by Americans, it may be said that the influential men of her Government do not wish America to return the Boxer indemnity offered them, but would prefer that its millions should be expended in the education of Chinese students in American universities, so that on their return they might be appointed to positions of rank and honor under the Government to balance the effect of the students from other lands and to reflect the influence of American institutions.

An Unfortunate Peace

By Paul S. Reinsch

Professor of Political Science in the University of Wisconsin

IT is to be feared that the moral effect of the war has been sadly impaired by the diplomatic defeat of Japan. Russia is as arrogant as ever, and woe to the liberals and other political nonconformists in Russia, now that the autocracy feels itself vindicated, notwithstanding its utter fiasco during the war. Much as we must desire peace at all times, we cannot escape the conclusion that such a peace at this time was unfortunate, as it immediately revives all the dangerous ambitions of Russia, and gives the autocracy the power to re-establish its police rule and hold fast to its reactionary traditions.

If we ask ourselves the question, How was such a peace possible, after such uninterrupted successes and decisive victories on the part of Japan? the only possible explanation is that in the hour of need Russia was powerfully backed by her friends, especially by the German Government, while the allies and friends of Japan were lukewarm in their support. The German Government evidently realized an unusual opportunity to strengthen its power. Germany is dependent upon Russia as her chief market; her interests in Asia Minor would be threatened should Russia be entirely defeated in the Far East and concentrate her energies nearer at home, and the German Emperor above all wishes to avoid a domestic revolution against the Czardom on account of its danger to his own position. So at the critical time he has supported Russia; and, as he succeeded in frightening France in the Morocco matter, so now Great Britain has conclusively proved the utter incapacity of her foreign policy by yielding to his plans, and allowing Japan to lose the advantages of her victory.

And what shall we say of the manner in which American newspapers and their readers readily took up with the Russian view, and utterly forgot the justice of the case, forgot what Russian autocracy had been doing at home and in the Far East? Does it not show the demoraliz-

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ing effect of the desire for something new, something sensational?—we were tired of the monotonous success of Japan: give us the Russians for a while to patronize and coddle. So Japan was practically deserted by her friends, and, in order to avoid utter isolation, was forced into a peace that dims the glory of her achievements.

But this is not the worst. The peace is inconclusive. So many loopholes are left for the recrudescence of Russian intrigue in China (the northern Manchurian railway remains Russian, the status of Mongolia is not touched) that, with its notorious arrogance and unscrupulousness, Russia will soon be acting in the Far East as if nothing had happened. And Japan, who has fought our battle as well as her own, will have to continue her struggle which ought to have been ended by this war. At Portsmouth, as the result seems to me to be, those were punished who deserved to succeed, and only those who deserved to be utterly discredited by this war, the autocratic party of Russia, carried off the advantage.

Art is Long

By H. W. Boynton

MY aunt lives at a family hotel just across the way from the Panharmonic Academy. I chanced to sit at table with her the other night in the spacious but snuffy dining-room, in which former experience had taught me that it was possible to get a very decent dinner rather indecently served. The table appointments were neat but not elegant; and the same remark had to be made of the waiters. Our fellow-diners were, my aunt assured me, all nice, respectable people; and I saw no reason to doubt it, unless what seemed to me an untimely use of the harmless, necessary toothpick were considered evidence in point. For the rest, they appeared to be more worthy than interesting; and I did not exult when, on this occasion, with the fish, a little man whom I had not seen before came to our table and took his place at my side. My aunt introduced him as Mr. Otto Weber; he was, it appeared further, head violin master at the Panharmonic. He had been in America some years, and, like most Germans under the circumstances, had a fair command of English idiom and an atrocious pronunciation. He turned out to be an incessant and discursive talker, and at the end of a half-hour I was getting rather tired of his volubility when he happened to tell me this story, and I forgave him. I use his words as well as I can remember them; imagine them spoken with the accent of the Rogers Brothers:

Yes, they are a great people, those Japanese. They work and they wait and they wait and they work; and you cannot tire them, you cannot discourage them. No. And usually, when the time comes, they know what to do. Oh, yes. You will be sneezing at them for ignorant Asiatics with the wrong kind of eyes, and at once, while you are looking away, they will be beating you, somehow, at your own games. They can make anything you can—yes, even if you are a German—and a good many things you cannot make at all. They can fight as well as you can—perhaps better—how do you know? Have you ever tried of lately? What? They have taste also, they have poetry, they have a painter's art that your Whistlers must study. . . . Oh, yes, that is the Japanese.

Well, then, have you ever thought that there is one thing, one thing only, these Japanese cannot have, these Japanese cannot learn—in which they cannot equal, how less defeat, us Western peoples? Music, I mean, yes, music! It is not for them, it is not in them; they cannot adopt it like our machines and our uniforms. No. Music is not a thing to be adopted; it must be of your own flesh and blood, it must be of your own spirit, or it is nothing, nothing at all.

Yes. . . . There is a little Japanese

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boy comes to me now four years ago. He has played the fiddle in the Imperial Orchestra at Tokyo, and by and by the march of civilization has come around to him. One day an American gentleman tells him he is no good, no good whatever, and he must come to America to learn to play the fiddle right. Some day I would like to meet that American gentleman. . . . Well, anyhow, that little Japanese boy packs up his fiddle and comes right along to America. He has a little money, and after a while presently he gets to New York. That is because he has a cousin in New York who keeps one of those little Japanese shops. You know those little Japanese shops?—where you can buy anything from a one-cent fan (that fan will be a pretty one, too) to an embroidered screen that will cost you maybe two, three thousand dollars. Well, he has got a little job in that little Japanese shop, and he comes to me to learn to play the fiddle right.

It is one evening that I am alone in my studio, and he comes to me. You know how those Japanese look; well, he looks like that, but one size smaller, maybe. He can speak English, but it iss kvee, around the corner, a little down-side-up—not like *us*. . . . Well, he smiles and he bows very low, and he says, "Ees thees most distinguished Mr. Weeber?"

"Herr Otto Weber, at your service," I say, trying to remember all those manners I have heard of once.

"Revered," he says, very softly, "I go to study violin, and you shall be so gracious to teach."

"Ah," I say, "this would doubtless be a great pleasure for me. But, you see, I am a very busy man. Yes, . . . I have time to teach only the advanced pupils."

"Good," he says, smiling all the time—you know how those Japanese can smile—"good: I have honor to be of that advance pupil."

"Oh," I say (maybe I was beginning to forget those manners—manners are only, as you say, knee-deep anyhow), "then why didn't you bring your fiddle? If you play to me three minutes, then I know what I can say to you."

"Yes," he says, and backs into the anteroom. Then he brings in a bag with a fiddle in it. It is not such a bad fiddle, a German one it is easy to see, with plenty of dents knocked in it, and plenty of dirt fastened in with varnish, to make it look like an old Italian fellow. Still, it didn't hurt much, the fiddle. . . .

What do you think he played?—I don't know myself; I stop him after three, maybe five bars. Something *prestissimo* it was; he wiggles his fingers very fast and saw his bow-arm like a crazy walking-beam on a toy steaming-boat. I cannot bear it, and I stop him quick. Yes. "My dear sir," I say to him, "you play too well; you play like the devil. I can teach you nothing. You are too much advanced, doubtless. Good-day."

Well, the little Jap does not go. Oh, no. He just smiles, and he looks along the ceiling, and he says, "I go to study the violin, and you will be so gracious to teach."

Then I begin to look at him a little more, but there is nothing in his face.

"Maybe," he says, "you not like me go fas'. I go slow—*lento*, *andante*, *largo*."

And then he makes what you might call a whack at Handel. I don't know which I was maddest at—what he did to me or what he did to Handel. Anyhow, I reached over and took his bow away in a minute. I couldn't stand it. Oh, yes, he was hitting the notes, he was hitting them all over.

"No!" I said, pretty sharp, I guess. "It is enough! it is enough! You cannot play; you will never be able to play. The fiddle is a difficult instrument; but that is not all. No. The fiddle is for playing music; and you have no music, no music at all. . . . Did you perhaps ever hear anybody make music with a violin? Listen!" So I picked up my fiddle, and I played for him that *largo*. I am not a virtuoso, you understand, but I can play music. Yes, surely I can do that. And the little Japanese boy sits there, very respectful, very patient, as if he was listening to a lecture or getting orders from a physician.

Well, I had to teach that little Japanese boy. I did all I could to get rid of him, but it was no good. I told him he would be just wasting his time and

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mine, and it would be costing him five dollars a lesson. No matter, he has plenty of money, he says. Afterwards I find out he was making ten dollars a week by his little job. Half of it came to me. Yes. I didn't care at first. I thought maybe a little sense might be starved into him.

After that he studies with me it is now four years. He did not learn to play music; nobody could teach him that. But it was not hard for him to learn the superficial technique of the fiddle, for there was no work he would not do. He could make the notes as well as a good many fiddlers, but it was impossible that he should ever be a violinist. He could play on the key as well as a piano, he could follow *tempo;* but the use of the true sharp and the true flat, the sense of rhythm, the fine modulations—above all, the rich marvel we call tone—never, never. It was not in him. It could not be put into him. Sometimes I get very angry with him; but always he is patient, patient. I call him names, I insult him, and it is to him all a part of the lesson; only there will be a look somewhere in the back of his face of an old man who is listening, a little tired, a little amused, to the ill-temper of a child. That is all. Then I get angry with myself.

This year he wishes ensemble practice, and I let him come once in a while, with three other pupils of mine who can really play a little. He can play a little himself sometimes, when you give him music which is hard in any meaning of that word; and with the second fiddle part he was not likely to do so much harm. But the other day—it might be two, three weeks ago—I get mad. They are doing pretty well in a Haydn quartet till there comes along a melodious solo passage for second violin, and he does it as if he was doing scroll-work on a jig-saw. Yes, like that. Well, you know how easy, and how without excuse, it is to make Haydn sound foolish. That little Japanese boy was playing notes like clockwork, and making nonsense of a very fine piece of music. So I got mad. I was not thinking of manners, I was not thinking of morals, maybe I was not thinking much of music, I was just mad. Four years, and so much work for him and for me, and this racket was possible. I forgot about how hard he had worked, I forgot about those other pupils, and I said:

"Listen, you young Tokyo person. I don't like you. I won't have you. I can't stand you any more. No. Hear what you have been doing; I am going to tell you all about it. You come to me, it is now four years ago, and you say you are going to study the violin, and you ask me to have you for a pupil. I hear you play, and I tell you it is no good. Did I not? Do you sit there with your smile and say I did not? What? No. You don't. You haven't the face—not even you. . . . But you would not hear, you would not believe, you must insist that I, Otto Weber, head violin master at the Panharmonic Academy, New York, try to teach you what I knew you never could learn. I try to scare you off, I tell you it is a mistake, I charge you my full price, and you pay it—yes, I hate you for that also—you pay it every week, like a machine. You will not accept of the instruction for nothing. That would have been a trifle less ridiculous. You make a child and a mountebank of me, and you fee me like a servant. Me! Never have I been so insulted, never have I so wasted myself. And for four years. It is enough. It is over. Now go away, and never come back. I have taught you how to make some kinds of noises on the fiddle. Go back to Tokyo, go back to your Imperial Orchestra, and there make all the noises you like, and when you have made them, say, 'That is the way Otto Weber does it.' All right, never mind, only go."

Well, by this time one of the girls was crying, the other was looking ashamed, and the boy that played the 'cello was giggling behind his nose. As for the little Japanese, you would think, if there was anything left of him, he would run out of that room and buy a ticket for Tokyo, would you not? What? Nothing of the sort. No. He sits there and looks around smiling, and when I get through, he waits a few minutes for not to interrupt. Then he says, very soft:

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"Do you think, Herr Weeber, that if I study five years longer, I can of a possibility learn to play the violin right?"

Well, by this I have got all through being mad, and I just feel sorry for him. So I told him, there are two kinds of people in the world—one kind that can conceivably learn the violin, and one kind that unmistakably cannot. "And you, my dear boy, are of the kind that cannot. Tell me now—have sense: do you think all this trouble is worth while?"

He looks at me, and he looks at the two girls and the boy, and he looks along the ceiling, and smiles, and then he says: "Yes."

Two days later comes the hour for his regular lesson, and in he comes at the exact moment, as usual. He sits down, and takes his fiddle out of the bag; then he looks up and says, very quiet:

"I think I should tell you, Herr Weeber, that I have decide to give seven years longer to the study of the violin."

What are you going to do with a people like that? They work and they wait, and they work some more; and they fail, maybe. But you cannot tire them, you cannot discourage them. Oh, no.

The Russo-Greek Church and the World's Progress

By William Elliot Griffis

Author of "The Mikado's Empire," "Korea, the Hermit Nation," etc.

AMERICANS, believing that Japan was "the under dog," have sympathized with the islanders as against the continentals. If they discover themselves mistaken, there will be a revulsion of sentiment. In these days, when the world has a nervous system of electric wires and cables, sentiment means something—even in the money market.

As soon as the thunder of the war captains is over, humanity will re-read history. Armies will melt away, but deep racial and religious affinities are mighty factors. Our people will ask which nation and civilization (including its religions) has done most for the race. Beyond the Russia of court and bureaucracy, with pockets full and breasts smeared with gold and jewels, are the poor village pastor and the missionary. Their quiet work lasts when the killing business is over.

In this article I shall speak only of what ministers to Russia's heart and soul, the Eastern Church, and ask whether there be any missionary spirit in her. We condone neither political crime, nor military blunders, nor Kishinev. We are inquiring of history.

It is discreditable to American scholarship that so little, and that chiefly from hostile critics, is known of modern Christianity in Russia. What a lonely scholar, in this regard, was my teacher, Philip Schaff! With all his learning, he evinced genuine surprise when his pupil gave him, from eyesight testimony, the other sides—Asian and missionary.

It is unfair to ascribe all the glory of the Christianization, and thus of the progress, of the world to the Western Church, Roman or Reformed. It is bigotry to dub Greek Catholic Christianity a "fossil." If, besides a noble history, the Oriental Church has a present missionary spirit and progressive element, then we must all take heart.

If, in the race the goal and prize of which is the conquest of this world to the faith of Christ, Protestant and Roman Christianity lead the van, while the competitor who started out first of all has been distanced and left behind, we must examine all the facts before deciding that lack of victory is because of lack of zeal to win. We must make due allowances for race, geographical position, conditioning and environing influences. But can we do this in a

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brief article? My own belief, formed long ago on Russo-Greek missionary ground, is that, of Oriental Christian churches, the Russian is the most hopeful and progressive.

The Græco-Oriental Church is the mother of us all. Leaders, scriptures, theology, language, and ritual were all at first Greek, not Roman. All the pioneer missionary work was done by the Oriental Church, which created Christendom. The Nicene Creed—antedating "the Apostles'" Creed by centuries—was formed in A.D. 325; but already in the lands beyond the pale of the Church and the toleration edict of Constantine, Africa, Arabia, Persia, Turkestan, southern Russia, missionaries were at work. Even at the Nicæan Council there sat men, brawny of limb, with light hair and blue eyes, from the north of Europe and from the far west in Spain.

The credit of Christianizing the Teutonic races, whence Protestantism sprang and was nurtured, is given to the Roman Church. She deserves it. Yet she did but enter into the labors of the elder sister. The Oriental Church nobly attempted the task first, and failed only because of the barbarian invasions that destroyed the Western Empire. Had she succeeded, the world's face would have been changed. Why? Because she put the Word of God in a language "understanded of the people." The mission of the Greek Ulfilas to the Goths was based on the Scriptures in the vernacular. From this principle—the Bible read by the people—the Oriental Church has never departed. Her failure in western Europe was a noble one.

> "The world that credits what is done
> Is cold to all that might have been."

But God, who is more than the world, with eternal memory, has (in the Japanese poet's word) "forgotten to forget," and history is part of God's memory.

Down to the time of Clovis, all of Teutonic Christianity was of Eastern origin. The "barbarians" who destroyed Rome were more Christian than those in the city. The floods of war swept away the work of Ulfilas. The Roman *Church* (the very word is Greek) stepped in, converted Northern barbarism from heresy and paganism, and has the glory of Christianizing Europe. But would victory have been achieved without the propædeutic of the Eastern Church? Is not half the credit due to Oriental Christianity? Indeed, during many centuries the areas of the two Churches overlapped.

Roman and Western theology, founded on Roman law, developed in the direction of anthropology. Under the ambition of the Popes, the idea of Rome was to efface nationality. The theology of the Eastern Church was developed out of the Greek philosophy. Besides nurturing nationality, the Greek Church always stood for the Scriptures in the people's language. As "the Word of God is not bound," this principle is yet to win the world. Indeed, are not the "change of emphasis" in the modern Church and the revival of sacred learning, in our day, virtually the renascence of Greek theology?

How different the task and environment of each Church, in the East and West of Europe, during the Middle Ages! In the Occident the field was virgin. With no danger from the rear, the work was all in front. The one hostile religion was classic paganism, with which the Oriental Christians had also to contend. The Teutonic barbarians, already partially Christianized by the Greek Church, had but a passive mythology, which sat lightly on their minds. When converted, they turned missionary. In short, in the West, all was new and fresh—new blood, new vigor, fresh life, and nascent power, with no youthful and aggressive faith, like Islam, to oppose Christianity, to make proselytes from her household, and to carry war into the heart of the Church. The task of the Western Church was that of the laborer called at the eleventh hour to receive full wages.

In the East how different! The faithful one has already borne the heat and burden of the day, yet receives "likewise a penny." With old blood, old races, worn-out institutions, and no new stimulus save from within, while surrounded by decaying civilizations, the task of the Oriental Church was to put "a soul of life under the ribs of death,"

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to fight for life against a fresh, powerful, relentless faith and foe. Islam knew but one idea—propagation by the sword. It allowed no alternative but acceptance and existence, or subjugation and death. As in a prairie wave of fire, the Eastern Churches in Africa, Asia Minor, Syria, Arabia, etc., were engulfed and either lost or stifled. The Koran overlaid the Greek Testament. Under such circumstances, growth would have been a miracle of history, and even continued existence was a wonder.

Nevertheless, during this frightful period the missionary spirit lived. While scimitars flashed and the domes of mosques rose like bubbles on the horizon, the Church cast her eyes on the vast plains of Russia, achieving a victory scarcely inferior to that over the Germanic barbarians. Some day the world will see and appreciate this. In A.D. 956 the first Christian church rose at Kiev, and, like our Saxon fathers, the Slavs were baptized in hosts at the river's brim. Steadily the tide of Christianity has rolled over eastern Europe, northern Asia, and Alaska, and into the Japanese archipelago.

Contrast the storm and stress of the Church in the East with the comparatively easy task of Western Christendom. On the south, the struggle was for life against the relentless Turk in the strongest period of his career. On the east, as by a fiery wave from Tartarus, she was struck by the Mongol hordes, and under their brutality was crushed for over two hundred years. Then fiercely oppressed by the Poles (now indeed subjugated, but once the fanatical assertors of Romanism in its most political and least spiritual form), the Slavic people held their own, kept their creed, and rose to nationality. With whatever spirit we view the facts, we must remember that Russia, never in the Crusades, was untouched by one of the three great movements which have molded modern Europe—the Renaissance, the Reformation, or the French Revolution. Who, then, can wonder that flat Russia, mountainless and sealess, is where she seems to be to-day?

"Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountain; each a mighty Voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!"

Wordsworth's poetry is also the science of history. Asiatic mountains may yet make a new kind of Russian. Yet all the world, thus far, with voice of soldiers and cannon, has said to Russia, "You shall have no seaport which winter cannot lock up." For centuries the beating of her mighty heart has been for the freedom-giving ocean. Can the world wholly repress that yearning? Time will tell.

Our special task is to inquire whether the Russo-Greek Church is truly Christian and also missionary. If it is, then neither man nor devil can hold her back. To the question itself, no student, with an inside view and on the missionary ground, can hesitate to sound an affirmative even more emphatic than that of Stanley, Neander, Dollinger, and Schaff; and, shall we add, of our own Grosvenor, Wright, and F. E. Clark, whose books tell of genuine work done in Siberia by noble Russian priests?

Of Russia's area of 8,500,000 square miles, two-thirds is land in Asia which white men have occupied only since the Pilgrim Fathers landed. While the Anglo-Saxons marched westward in America, Yermak and his Cossacks moved eastward. Hence the real missionary work of the Russo-Greek Church is within her own borders. Nevertheless, obedient to Christ, as well as with good common sense, her sons go also to "the ends of the earth." In Siberia, unknown and unoccupied before 1600, the missionaries and churches are everywhere. After the British and Ottoman Empires, Russia has the next greatest number of Mohammedans and pagans inside her realm. The twenty-three million serfs of a generation ago, now become over forty million freedmen, have had noble missionary work done among them, with churches, schools, and teachers. Not only among her own people but among the various, one might almost say the innumerable, races, there have been parallels with Western instances of a revived missionary spirit in this vast colonial empire. Superb, indeed, are the lives and works of many a missionary priest, archimandrite, and

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bishop, some of whom I have met and of others have heard by report of eye-witnesses. Innocent, Archbishop of Kamchatka, traveling with sledge and reindeer, did a noble work in the long chain of pagan islands uniting the northern portion of the two continents of America and Asia. Who that knows anything of scholarship in Chinese or Korean can forget the work and writings of Palladius in China? In the Caucasus, in Turkestan, Russia not only abolished man-stealing, bringing order in the quondam paradise of the robber and ending the golden age of the oppressor, but the Church has sent her missionaries and teachers wherever her children go. In every capital of Europe, in the cities of America, the Russian Church cares for her people, while in Japan we behold one of the brightest missionary records, I will not say of modern times, but of all Christian history. Virtually the work of one man is that of Bishop Nicolai, my neighbor in Tokyo, whose forty-five thousand Christians have a single Russian pastor and bishop, the most imposing edifice in Japan (built by private Muscovite subscription), and the best vocal music in the Japanese Empire.

I do not forget or condone Kishinev—in which economics and social and political as well as religious elements entered—any more than I do St. Bartholomew, or the Inquisition, or the cremation of Servetus, or some modern American heresy trials. I would not minimize Russian atrocities of any sort. I hate the deviltry that masks itself under either Reactionism or Liberalism, paganism or Christianity. Yet I take hope, because in the main Russia has been free from the curse of persecuting intolerance. Bad as contemporary Russia controlled by the war gang is, there have never been "the bloody tribunals of orthodoxy" such as Spain created, or the persistent hounding of nations and peoples by prelacy, as in the Western Church. After a restudy of the history, the trials, the policy, and the creeds of the Russo-Greek Church (especially the Longer Catechism of 1839), despite what is phenomenal in the newspapers, present clouds of war, or despotism, or bureaucracy, and the long hiding of spiritual power, I am confirmed in the judgment, formed thirty years ago, that while Russia is still in the Middle Ages, the principles of progress—most of all in the open Bible—are greater than the elements of repression, and are ultimately to prevail. Indeed, with increasing education making the Scriptures more real and potent, with science dispelling fictitious miracle, improved art lessening superstition, the morning of Russia's new day is already dawning.

As, with the Shintoist, I have, during my adult lifetime, prayed for the Mikado and Japan, so, with the Oriental Christian, I pray for the Czar and Russia, that both they and their people, islanders and continentals, may keep step with the File Leader of salvation—theirs and ours.

However wars or diplomacy may succeed or fail, the purely conventional terms "Orient" and "Occident" are waxing old and are ready to pass away, for the ends of the earth are met. The once Far East is now the Near West. One cycle of the world's history is complete. In spite of the fighters, and all who love war and thrive upon it, the world's opinion is stronger than cannon or powder. Humanity (until there can be dreamed or thought out something better) will have but one civilization—the Christ's—and the nation and kingdom that will not serve therein shall surely perish.

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The Tactful Art of Tipping

By Ames Higgins

THE Head, Second, and Side Waiters' National Benefit Association of America recently held its annual Convention in Philadelphia. At the Convention, among other topics, there came up for discussion that hardy perennial, the tipping question. Divergent views were expressed. Some were in favor of abolishing the practice altogether, believing that by so doing a uniform living wage would be more easy of attainment. Others defended the custom on the ground that the comparatively meager wages paid by restaurateurs made it necessary for waiters to seek tips in order to make their income commensurate with their needs. Still others deplored the uninformed methods of the average giver of gratuities, and advocated the establishment of a scale for his guidance.

This last suggestion is, in a measure, in accord with a one-time writer on the subject, who declared that "it is high time that the proper method of giving tips should be defined, its laws codified, its many possibilities of error guarded against, and some system set forth whereby the tipper may give the greatest satisfaction to the tipped at the most moderate, if not the least, outlay in current coin of the realm." The trouble with the American is that he doesn't know the exact amount to give, and that bothers him and causes him to curse the custom in choice and varied language. If some writer would get out a book entitled, say, "The Right Tip," or "Tuppence on the Shilling," giving exactly the correct sum to pay on all occasions, Americans would buy out the whole edition and bless the author.

Now, I have no intention of holding forth as a teacher of the tactful art of tipping, nor do I advocate any hard and fast rules for getting the most for one's "bawbee." I believe it possible, however, that American readers may take some interest in a partial chronicle of some of the curious customs to which the practice of giving gratuities has led.

I may say, without much fear of successful contradiction, that to Americans the tip is *the* nuisance *par excellence*. Our country is rather young, however, to have nursed the gratuity to its point of highest development. For a really comprehensive acquaintance with the custom, therefore, one must go abroad. So let's all take our vacations in Europe and make a little study of this heritage of the ages.

We will take the southern route in the spring, landing at Naples and working north as fancy dictates. After a more or less pleasant voyage, which will include, of course, an enthusiastic two days on the blue Mediterranean, we shall drop anchor in the Bay of Naples and prepare to disembark. Now comes our introduction to the ubiquitous European tipping custom.

We find that we have made greater or less demands upon the deck steward, the room steward, the table waiters, and the bath steward. The fee for the table waiter is usually about ten shillings ($2.50). The same amount, or possibly a little less, should be given the room steward. The deck steward is usually remembered with about five shillings ($1.25), while the customary fee for the bath steward is about four shillings ($1). If those amounts seem more than we can afford, we may give less. Something is expected of us, but we shall encounter no grumbling if the amount is a reasonable one for the services performed.

Once on shore, we shall be met on all sides with the outstretched hand and the insinuating smile. Services we do not need, and which, in fact, we would prefer to do without, will be showered upon us. Doors will be opened which we are quite capable physically of opening for ourselves. If we attempt, in good independent fashion, to put on our own overcoats, we shall be pounced upon by a liveried flunky who insists upon assisting

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us, probably to the detriment of the fit of the coat and our own tempers. If we start out for a particular point which we well know how to reach, we shall be almost certain to encounter some one who is confident that he knows much more about our intentions and destination than we do, and he will, as a rule, insist on proffering his services as guide. All this, of course, is wearing on the nerves and tends to fret the independent spirit of the man who is accustomed to doing things for himself. He may insist in all the civilized languages of the globe that he is perfectly capable of taking care of himself—that he knows more about his personal intentions than the would-be guide possibly can, and that he will be exceedingly obliged if the insistent person will kindly remove himself and his services to some other realm—but all this will, in all probability, be met by a non-comprehensive shake of the head and renewed offers of undesired assistance. The inability of the European to comprehend when he does not wish to comprehend is astonishing and impenetrable.

The curious part of this tipping business is that it is so all-comprehensive. There are occasions when one must pay for services ranging all the way from ordinary civilities to most elaborate courtesies. To an American, accustomed to pointing out cheerfully a desired building or direction, the Continental demand for baksheesh for a like service is most trying. I well remember our first experience of the kind.

I had, in company with some friends, taken a carriage drive into the country from Naples. The day was perfect. Overhead was the blue sky of the southland, the air was filled with the songs of birds, and the sun gleamed on the dancing waters of the bay. Along the roadway ragged little urchins, with mischief flashing from their wonderful brown eyes, turned somersaults for "soldi." Little girls trotted by the side of the carriage, chanting their monotonous song—"Bella signora, give me a penny! Bella signora, give me a penny!" As we wound along by the side of the Bay of Naples, we could look out across the blue waters and see Capri in the distance. Over yonder, too, was Vesuvius, with his monster head hidden in a mass of clouds.

As we passed through Pazuoli and turned again toward the city, we remembered that we had been told of an old colosseum which lay not far from there, where, it is said, Nero used sometimes to come to watch over the punishment of some of his unruly subjects. Telling the driver to walk his horses, we set out on foot to cover the few hundred yards which lay between us and the ancient structure. No sooner had we done so than we were reminded that we were in Italy, the land of prompt offers of undesired services. A seedy-looking individual approached and insisted on acting as our guide. His appearance was not attractive. He limped, one of his eyes was bad, and the other was set at such an angle that he seemed ever to be gazing out over his shoulder. His services were declined. He refused to take "no" for an answer, however. Seeing that we were started properly, he set out ahead of us. Every few moments he would roll this curious eye back over his shoulder with an air of proprietorship to make sure that we were following. Protests were of no avail. Going straight to the spot for which we were headed, he pointed to the sight we were seeking, brushed the dust from our clothes with a rather dirty hat, and—held out his hand.

One of the most trying and most common situations in which one finds himself in Europe is that of the necessity for worming one's way past the staff of employees of the hotel from which one is about to depart. It is an ordeal which begins with the very door of one's room, and which must be passed through again and again as one moves from city to city.

There is, to start with, the waiter who brings one's coffee each morning, the maid who has taken care of one's room, and the boots. Once free of these encumbrances, one encounters the elevator or "lift" man. Upon descending to the office one will be warmly welcomed by the concierge, who may be counted upon to extend greetings with outstretched hand and trustful smile. Oh,

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the concierge, what should we do without him! In his frock-coat and white waistcoat he bears the air of a college professor, and he will soothe your nerves in any language, as well as sell you stamps. At first blush it seems almost an affront to offer money to so dignified a personage, but—in the language of the disgruntled traveler in England—one may "tip anybody below the rank of Bishop." So, reassured by the radiant smile of the concierge, we shall doubtless cheerfully acquiesce in many an assault upon our purse.

Once past this personage, we may count upon seeing drawn up in line what will seem to be the greater portion of the hotel staff. It is remarkable with what unerring instinct the average hotel employee will scent a departure. Few things are certain in this world, we are told, with the exception of death and taxes. As certain as either of these, however, is it that the departing guest will find awaiting him at the door a formidable line of attachés. Certain it is, too, that he must be a man of marvelous courage to pass that line with head in air. So surely as he dares to do so, he will find his baggage marked with little cabalistic signs, which have the same properties as red-hot coals, in that the person picking them up is certain to drop them. For the hotel employees of the Continent seem to have perfected a system of signs as perfect as that of the infamous "yegg" men of this country, which describe in none too flattering terms the exact degree of meanness of the person capable of refusing fees to the downtrodden of servant-land.

Better, then, to pass the line with hand in pocket, often withdrawing it full and returning it empty. To be sure, when you have gotten past the interminable line of porters, hall-boys, and the like, you will feel that you have squandered a fortune. The currency of many of the Continental countries, with the principal coin (worth twenty cents or thereabouts) divided into one hundred parts, is admirably adapted to this sort of thing, however, and one may give away what seems one's entire letter of credit, only to find, on converting the amount into its American equivalent, that he has dissipated something like five cents. Especially is this true of Italy, where one can satisfy the most insistent clamors with but small outlay. Hence the suggestion that "in tipping, you should always begin with the coppers. Then, if the recipient is not satisfied, you can add two cents and send him away happy."

Another biped with whom one will have constant dealings is the waiter. This individual has been described somewhere as one who has dropped down in all parts of the world in an attitude of receptivity and with an appreciative palm. Usually he may be satisfied with a tip amounting to about one-tenth of one's bill. In some countries one will find the custom to be to give a little more, and in others the tips will average much less. In Italy, for example, the average fee for each person is twenty centesimi (four cents). This is regarded by the waiters as liberal, and one tendering the amount is looked upon as a gentleman. On the other hand, curious to relate, should one be betrayed by a good dinner into an attitude of good will toward mankind in general, and allow this benevolence to induce him to give an excessive tip, the consequence may be somewhat unpleasant. I remember witnessing an exhibition caused by this very act. The servitor, who had performed his duties quickly and cheerfully, suddenly changed. Raising his two hands toward heaven, he burst forth into a perfect torrent of abuse, varying his highly uncomplimentary remarks with all the lights and shades of vituperation of which the Italian language is capable. The wrath of all the gods, pagan and domestic, was called down upon the innocent head of the benevolent gentleman. The interesting performance was brought suddenly to a close when the gentleman, turning quickly upon the waiter, seized from his outstretched palm the entire amount he had given, and turned upon his heel. Immediately the attitude of the waiter changed, and he humbly followed his former benefactor, meekly suing for a return of the amount he had received. The explanation of the scene was that the waiter, having received so liberal a fee, had seen in his good fortune still

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greater possibilities, and had endeavored by abuse to secure a greater amount.

The waiters of Russia and Germany possess another characteristic. This is a surpassing great dignity which passeth understanding. In their apparent superiority to their environment they impress one as might a coterie of bank presidents who had taken advantage of a chance holiday to see something of another business than their own, and had decided early in the day that the calling was not to their liking, and that the patrons of the place were but poor sticks anyway. The hauteur of the Russian, however, is, as a rule, productive of more liberal fees than that of the German. To the former one dispenses silver; to the latter, coppers.

In France and England one encounters two distinct classes—the one boasting the (to him) matchless accomplishment of an ability to speak two languages, and the other possessing a wonderful knowledge of just what is and what is not good for one to eat. In the matter of tips, however, they are unanimous. Fortunately, the usual ten per cent. will satisfy them.

Instead of the one waiter who serves food and wine and receives payment for the bill, one finds in Austria and Hungary persons charged with each distinct duty. One of the most frequent sounds to be heard in the public restaurants is a call of "Zahlen" (equivalent to "Bring me my bill"), and the answering call of "Bitte," or "Immediately, sir." Then appears an individual called the "Zahlkellner," or pay-waiter. As it seems to the uninitiated, his sole duty consists of asking you what you have had and taking your word for it, jotting down a few figures, and handing you your bill. For this service, if there be one or two persons dining, he receives a tip of forty hellers (eight cents). The man who brought the food—the "Speisetraeger"—is given twenty hellers, and the little chap that carried in the beer or wine—the "Bierjunge" or "Piccolo"—is usually left about six or eight hellers. In a restaurant ranking above the average these amounts are doubled, and in a fine dining-room they are usually trebled. For more than two persons the amounts are increased proportionally.

The reason for giving to the Zahlkellner so much more than the others is that he is obliged to keep track of every article of food served at all the tables. He must know exactly what is brought, and is responsible for everything, so he must be constantly on the lookout. Even then he betrays a surprising amount of confidence in human nature, for he will invariably take one's word as to the amount of wine or beer one has drunk and the number of pieces of bread one has eaten.

One becomes accustomed to the Italian practice of purchasing entrance tickets to the theater (at a lira apiece) in addition to the seat tickets, to feeing the usher for pointing out one's place, and to paying for one's programme prices ranging from ten centesimi (two cents) in Italy, to threepence (six cents) in London. It is not so difficult to learn that an Austrian cabby expects a crown tip (twenty cents) if he drives two beasts, or sixty hellers (twelve cents) if he drives one. We shall recover from our surprise at learning that the attendants in the government buildings are allowed to accept fees. Moreover, a two weeks' residence in Berlin will render us quite callous to our first astonishment on hearing the estimate that every third passenger tips the street-car conductor for being so gracious as to take his fare.

It requires rather more than the usual American supply of *sang-froid*, however, to accept with calm complacency the system of tips which has been developed in the social world of Austria and Hungary. Let us imagine ourselves making a social call in one of those countries. The door will be opened by a man. One will then be assisted in the removal of his outer garment by a maid. On one's departure he will again receive the maid's assistance in donning his coat, and will once more pass through the door held open by the man. To each of these it is customary to give a crown (twenty cents). Should we take dinner at a private house, the proper thing is to hand a florin (forty cents) to the butler, one to the maid assisting him, and to send another to the *chef*.

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This rather savors of carrying a practice to extremes. The height of tipping, however, seems to have been reached in another direction. For it is claimed that, both in Austria and Hungary, persons have been known to alight from their carriages and fee their own drivers, whom they were paying to care for their horses.

One of the oddest of the Austrian customs is the result of legislation. According to law, every house must be closed from ten o'clock at night until six o'clock the following morning. During that time each house is in charge of an attendant known as the "Hausbesorger," or caretaker. In large apartment buildings this Hausbesorger is usually a uniformed porter. Every person entering the house between ten at night and six in the morning must pay to the Hausbesorger twenty hellers (four cents).

This gives rise to a curious condition. Naturally, the man who comes home at early hours need not necessarily pay anything, while the man who habitually gets in at two or three in the morning is a frequent contributor to the Hausbesorger's bank account. Inquiry of the Hausbesorger concerning Mr. A. may result in the startling information that he is a most disreputable, mean sort of man, while the night-hawk, Mr. B., will undoubtedly be lauded as a splendid fellow, of excellent reputation. As a conservator of the public morals, therefore, the Hausbesorger can hardly be called a success.

Perhaps by the time we have acquired so much information regarding the tip we shall be rather weary of the whole thing, and we may begin to long for some restful spot in the backwoods of our own country where such a thing as a gratuity has never been heard of. We fear, however, that the discovery of such a place would require a much longer journey than we have already taken. The tip seems to have come to stay. Probably the only change that will ever be made in the custom will be in the broadening of the territory infested by it.

In this connection we are reminded of the bit of warning given by a certain witty gentleman who undertook to offer advice regarding the necessary things to take with one on a vacation. He concluded somewhat as follows:

"Pack up, like the rest of the summer resorters,
More dollars and dimes, and more halves and more quarters;
For, walking or riding, or eating or sipping,
Or reading or writing, you have to keep tipping."

Summer Vesper Sermons

XII.—Present Day Evidences of Christianity[1]

By Lyman Abbott

JOHN THE BAPTIST had believed that Jesus was the Messiah who had come to deliver Israel. But time went on and Israel was not delivered, and John in prison began to wonder if he had not been mistaken. He still had faith in Jesus, and sent two of his disciples to ask him, "Art thou he that should come? or look we for another?" Jesus bade them stay, see what he was doing, and then report what they saw to John, and let John decide for himself.

Now, as then, the evidences of Christianity are the things we see and hear. They are present-day evidences. They require for their study no linguistic or historical scholarship; they only require observation and an open mind. If there are no such evidences, it is in vain to search the past for them. If Christ is a living Christ, we should see the evidences of his life in what is going on about us. If there are no such evidences, it is not very material to inquire whether he rose from the dead nineteen centuries ago. He has told us what he came to do: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach glad tidings to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recover-

[1] Luke vii. 19-23.

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ing of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." Is he doing this—now? If he is, those who believe in him have no need to look for any other evidence to commend their faith to others. If he is not, no other evidence will suffice. The testimony of a dead past is no adequate basis for a living faith in the present.

What is the Church of Christ doing in the community? What is it doing to proclaim glad tidings to the poor? what to comfort the broken-hearted? what for liberty? what for education? what for charity toward the sick and the suffering? Is this village better or worse for having a church of Christ in it? Better or worse for a Sunday with its cessation from business, its comparative quiet, its home-coming?

There can be but one answer to such questions as these. The churches are the sources and springs of a thousand benevolences. They started and they still support the hospitals; they are the springs of charity for the poor; popular education was begun by them; in endowed schools and colleges it is still carried on by churches or by the men and women who have received their education from the churches. The hospitals on Hospital Week receive more from the churches than from all other sources combined.

I admit all that my critical friend has to say in criticism of the churches. They are not unworldly; they lack the sense of proportion; they sometimes lay emphasis on minor points of doctrine or ritual instead of the greater matters of temperance and righteousness and true godliness; the sermons are sometimes dull and sometimes too long; the music is sometimes more for the glory of the singers than for the glory of God. Nevertheless, the churches, with all their faults, are the inspirers of a higher, purer, better life in the community. They make for higher ideals, for honesty in business, for purity in government, for peace and happiness in the homes. And so I believe in the Church: not because it has descended from the Apostles, not because Moses gave it the law on Mount Sinai, or Peter preached to it on Pentecost; but because, wherever it is, it does something to give glad tidings to the poor, comfort to the sorrowing, liberty to the enslaved, enlightenment to the ignorant. The world—our world—is the better for its mission and its message.

But Christianity is more than Christianity. It is the spirit of Christ, and the spirit of Christ is not confined within church walls nor expressed only in church creeds and rituals. It is the spirit which illumines the Four Gospels, which makes radiant the portraiture of Jesus Christ. It is the spirit of reverence toward God and good will toward men; it is the spirit of pity toward the unfortunate, mercy toward the erring and the sinful, service toward all men. To believe in Christianity is to believe in this spirit—not merely as it is manifested in the history of Christ's life in the Four Gospels, but also as it is manifested in the hospitals, schools, social settlements, penitentiaries, and various philanthropies of to-day. I believe in the Apostles' Creed; but I believe in Christianity not because I believe in the Apostles' Creed; I believe in the Apostles' Creed because I believe in Christianity.

I live on the banks of the Hudson River. I believe in the existence of that majestic stream because I see the sunshine gleaming from it, the shadows creeping over it, the commerce borne upon its bosom. I do not have to go back to its sources in the Adirondacks to be sure that it exists. But when I ascend to its upper waters, I see that originally it was pure and limpid, and I know that the impurities which make it the unpellucid stream it is in the Highlands are accretions added to it from the country through which it has passed. So I live in Christendom. I believe in Christianity because I see what the Christ spirit is doing for mankind, what it has done and is doing for me; and if I trace this purifying stream back to its source in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, I see that the defects and imperfections in the currents of thought and feeling in Christendom to-day are due, not to its primal source, but to what has been imparted to it but does not truly belong in it—imparted by the community

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through which it flows, and which it is purifying.

Our summer vacation is over. Our series of Summer Vesper Sermons is ended. If we believe in the spirit of Christianity, let us bring back to our homes a new endowment of that spirit; if we believe in what the Christian Church is trying to do, let us give to it our cordial, unstinted, and uncritical support.

A History of the House of Lords[1]

IT is not often that a historical study of serious interest commends itself as an example of really entertaining light literature, but of such an order is Mr. Kosmo Wilkinson's "The Personal Story of the Upper House," an account of the evolution of the House of Lords from the earliest time to the present day, with, as the title implies, special attention to the traits and policies of its leading members. As history the value of the work is, to be sure, of rather a negative character, for the reader is obliged to reckon constantly with Mr. Wilkinson's patent admiration for the peerage, an admiration which occasionally leads him to support indefensible positions. At the same time, due exception being entered to statements engendered by partisanship, there can be no question that his delving through the annals of the past has resulted in throwing a heightened light on events and personages associated with the House of Lords during its long career, and on the place in history of the House of Lords itself. In other words, when read with the necessary critical caution, his book will be found useful in supplying a corrective of the too common tendency to leave accomplishment out of the calculation in measuring the personnel and influence of the British Senate.

Admitting that, legally speaking, the Upper House can be said to have existed only from late in the thirteenth century, when the two deliberative bodies began to occupy separate chambers, Mr. Wilkinson finds it in embryo in the court of William the Conqueror, and in more than embryo in the *curia regis* of Henry I., and in the St. Paul's Council, which formed "the full-dress rehearsal of the Runnymede performance." One of his main contentions being that the nation as a whole had been represented by the peers "for generations before representation and legislation by the popular House had become even a dream of visionaries," he naturally declines to accept the view suggested by Dean Hook, and elaborated by a more recent commentator, that Magna Charta, so far from being the palladium of the nation's liberties, was an exquisite piece of class legislation designed by the barons in their own interest. Stephen Langton is thus given rank not only as first in the long line of ecclesiastics to direct the policies of the House of Lords, but as its founder as a "popular" assembly. Nevertheless, the writer grants that it was not until the Oxford Parliament of 1258 that the people, as a whole, were induced to look upon the barons as the representatives of the nation. Entire credit for this is awarded to Leicester, whose portrait, as here drawn from contemporary sources, is remarkably clearly defined:

> Outside the circle of contemporary statesmen [writes Mr. Wilkinson, in closing his sketch of the doughty Earl Simon] there were thoughtful observers who reflected in the rugged prose and ruder verse of the age what may be called the popular feeling on the series of transactions whose closing scene was Evesham Field. These comments derive impressiveness from a dim sense on the part of those who make them that only generations as yet unborn can enter into the heritage of Leicester's labor, or can even tell what shape the work is finally to bear. For the thoughtful writers of those times two things, however, were enough. Their universal testimony, borne with varying degrees of explicitness, is, first, that Leicester summed up in his own person and career the best aspirations, social or political, and the highest patriotism of the age; secondly, that he had impressed his own personality, not merely upon events generally, but, in a spe-

[1] *The Personal Story of the Upper House.* By Kosmo Wilkinson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

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cial sense, upon the body into which he was born and the Council in which he was pre-eminent.

From this point the dominating note of the book is the personal—gossip, anecdote, and brief character studies enlivening and illuminating the story of the struggles between the peers and the crown; of the co-operation and the conflicts between the peers and the commoners; of the establishment of parliamentary principles and procedure; of the displacement of the Upper by the Lower House both in popular esteem and as the working branch of the legislature; and, finally, of the forces conjoining to bring the former body in the twentieth century into what is here described as "a stronger position than at any period since the establishment of a limited and constitutional monarchy." Some of the gossip and a few of the anecdotes might well be spared, and it could be wished that less precipitation had been shown in passing from one topic to another. But, with this reservation and these exceptions, the collected memorabilia afford a host of instructive glimpses of men and manners, and mirror, not simply the vicissitudes of the House of Lords, but the cultural development of England.

One or two quotations must suffice to indicate the deftness with which Mr. Wilkinson combines information and entertainment. In the first of two chapters studying the composition and status of the Upper House during the Georgian era, the following description of Lord Chesterfield finds place:

> The mere name of Chesterfield suggests associations of grace, elegance, symmetry, and polish. With these nothing can be in less attractive contrast than the personal reality of the man as depicted by his contemporaries of pen and brush. The trunk of a giant on the legs of a dwarf, limbs so ill-shapen as narrowly to escape deformity, a countenance only redeemable from unsightliness by the play of an intellectual expression over the unlovely features. Such in the flesh seems to have been the man who was the cynosure of his own generation and in whom posterity has agreed to see the glass of fashion and the mold of form for all time. The fastidiousness of his taste, the systematic immorality of his ideas, the keenness of his wit, the unpitying hardness of his worldly wisdom, proclaim him a true representative of an age which saw in honesty merely a mode of hypocrisy, and which despised virtue as a mixture of feebleness and folly. In a modern club or drawing-room he would not have been tolerated for half an hour. Without the excuse of being in his cups, he babbled indifferently to men or women concerning his feminine conquests. . . . Such was the surface of the man. The airs of the fribble and the affectations of the profligate were the outer covering of the real philosopher of the world, of the consummately able, the variously experienced, and the exceptionally successful statesman. No single peer did so much towards the creation of a House of Lords style, different from that of the House of Commons and enduring to the present day. No being of the eighteenth century, still less any member of the House of Lords, had seen so much, and during so long a space, of life in courts, in capitals, in cabinets and senates. . . . He was born in the reign of George I. George III. had come to the throne when the town was talking of the witty exit from existence made by the brilliant earl. George Selwyn's delight was in the mysteries of the charnel-house. "If," said the dying Chesterfield, "Mr. Selwyn calls again, show him up; should I be alive, I shall be glad to see him; if I am dead, he will be interested in seeing me." But before that second visit was paid, if paid at all, absolutely the last words had been spoken, "Give Dr. Dayrolles a chair," only to excite the physician's comment, "Superb! that man's breeding does not desert him in death."

Recalling Wellington's resignation of the commandership-in-chief of the army on becoming Prime Minister, and his declaration that he would never again interfere in army matters, Mr. Wilkinson observes:

> The soldier, however, never merged himself in the statesman. In 1829, when he had decided on Catholic Emancipation, Macaulay, then a youth, talking to Lord Clarendon, wondered how Wellington would win over the peers to a policy which they had so often differed from the commons in opposing. "It will be easy enough," was the answer; "the Duke will simply say, 'My lords, attention! right about, march.'" This was scarcely a caricature of the great man's oratorical manner on such occasions. As a speaker, however, he seldom reached the literary level of those despatches that give him, as a military writer, a place not much below Napier or Cæsar himself. Exaggeration and tautology were the two besetting faults that grew upon him with age. He had no fluency; for the most part he spoke slowly; his impressiveness was due, apart from his personality, to an emphatic and vehement manner of rapping out his sentences.

To-day, in the historian's opinion, the Upper House is in fact as well as in

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name the legislative partner, not the political rival, of the Lower, co-operating with it to facilitate the conduct of the public business and sharing with it the confidence of the masses. For this happier condition of affairs several causes are discerned. One is that the House of Lords "has become, nominally by the sovereign's favor, instead of by a committee's selection, the meeting-ground of men belonging to all classes and all schools of thought, qualified for admission into it." Another is the influence exercised by individual and strikingly representative peers. But the chief agency, Mr. Wilkinson does not hesitate to affirm, is "the emphatic lesson of experience that the modern descendants of the men who came forth conquerors from the long struggle against kingly despotism in the thirteenth century are still the most national among our historic growths. They are also found to be the most universally useful. . . . The public has had more inducements than formerly to acquaint itself with the transactions of the Upper House. It realizes the truth of a remark once made by an English statesman (Lord John Russell) whose popular sympathies never permitted him to forget his patrician descent. Russell's words were as follows: 'When a great question arises which requires a display of more than ordinary knowledge of history, of specially accurate learning, of constitutional wisdom particularly practical and sound, what is wanted can be found nowhere in greater perfection than on the episcopal bench, among the peers of three centuries of nobility, and the recent occupants of the Woolsack.'"

Principles of Industrial Peace[1]

THIS volume assumes as its basic principle the division of society into two classes—tool-owners and tool-workers. It is because industry has become so far differentiated as to create a distinct class of workmen divorced from ownership of the means of production that there has been industrial war, or even that organization of labor and capital out of which industrial war has grown. The author does not discuss the question whether such a differentiation is desirable or not. He does not consider any of the various plans which have been proposed to put an end to this industrial division. Socialism and so-called Socialistic reforms he does not discuss. His book is pre-eminently practical, a book of immediately applicable counsel on the often immensely difficult problem how to promote and maintain industrial peace between the two classes—the tool-owners and the tool-workers—while that division exists. The questions he considers are such as these: How shall a normal wage be ascertained? How shall the unavoidable wage fluctuations be provided for, and how great fluctuations in wages are to be expected? Should the employer recognize and deal with the union? Should he concede a preferential treatment to unionists, and, if so, under what circumstances? Should he concede exclusive employment to unionists—that is, the principle of the closed shop? How far may we look for conciliation to settle labor disputes? When is arbitration legitimate, and how should the arbitral tribunal be constituted? Is compulsory arbitration ever legitimate, and, if so, what conditions justify it?

We make here no attempt to epitomize the conclusions and counsels of the author. It must suffice to say that his spirit appears to us throughout fair, his understanding and appreciation of the point of view of both parties to the industrial conflict remarkable, and his advice generally to be both based on sound principles and practical of application. It is a good book for all reasonably open-minded employers of labor to read. We should be glad to see some such discussion of these themes made a part of the curriculum in all technical schools. For we are persuaded that the most common causes of strikes and lockouts are ignorance and prejudice, per-

[1] *Principles and Methods of Industrial Peace.* By A. G. Pigou, M.A., F.S.S. The Macmillan Co., New York.

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haps we should say the ignorance of prejudice, and we are quite sure that this ignorance is quite as often to be found in the foreman of the shop, if not in the president of the corporation, as in the leaders of the labor union.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Adolphe. By Benjamin Constant. (Les Classiques Français.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 3¾×6½ in. 184 pages.

This edition is charming in form. The book is considered by French critics a classic of style.

At the Sign of the Jack o' Lantern. By Myrtle Reed. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 353 pages. $1.50, net.

Printed and decorated in the same dainty and pretty style as was used with the author's "Lavender and Old Lace" and other popular books. We do not find this tale altogether successful in its alternating attempts at sprightliness and sentiment. The characters neither act reasonably nor talk naturally.

Book of Daniel Unlocked (The). By W. S. Auchincloss, C.E. The Van Nostrand Co., New York. 5×8 in. 134 pages.

A novel variation of the traditional view of Daniel as predicting the future is given here. Mr. Auchincloss holds that the predictions extend only to the great events at the beginning of the Christian era, and were fulfilled in these, the *finale* being in the bestowment of the Holy Spirit upon the Gentiles (Acts x. 44, 45) "June 7, A.D. 39." On certain assumptions of the symbolic significance of numbers the concurrence of the events with the predictions is figured out with great precision. The volume contains the text of Daniel interspersed with comments in red. It has a handsome appearance, and is an interesting specimen of ingenious exegesis.

Child and Religion (The). Eleven Essays. Edited by Thomas Stephens. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 371 pages. $1.50, net.

"This book," the British editor tells us, "is the outcome of a friendly discussion, at a deacons' meeting, on the place of the child in the Christian Church." Its component essays, one of which is by Professor Ladd, of Yale, deal with the principles at the root of the subject, and the practices in which they are applied by various religious bodies. Thus, Canon Henson writes upon the religious training of the child in the Anglican Church, and Dr. R. F. Horton writes upon it as conducted in the Free Churches. What it is among the Baptists, in the New Church (Swedenborgian), and among the Jews, is similarly exhibited by representatives of those denominations. The introduction quotes the views of a somewhat larger group upon a question formerly discussed more hotly than at present—"the child's status before God, and its need of conversion." Those who are grappling with practical problems will find in these essays, written from various points of view, much that is suggestive and helpful.

Coming of Billy (The). By Margaret Westrup. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. $1.25.

Billy's coming will be a pleasure to readers of all ages, for Billy is a delightful addition to the real small boys of fiction. His parents send him from India to Rose Cottage, England, where he is a source of continual surprises, not always agreeable to his maiden aunts. He takes a hand in the love affairs of the "youngest and prettiest" Miss Primrose.

Elements of Rhetoric and Composition (The). By Ashley H. Thorndike, Ph.D. The Century Company, New York. 6½×8 in. 340 pages.

Evolution, Racial and Habitudinal. By the Rev. John T. Gulick. Published by The Carnegie Institution of Washington, Washington, D. C. 7×10½ in. 269 pages.

Freethinker's Catechism (The). By Edgar Monteil. Translated from the French by F. W. Mitchell. The Truth Seeker Co., New York. 3½×5½ in. 197 pages. 35c.

A different ideal of Christianity from that which prevails here has been current in France. What is called free-thinking there differs, accordingly, from the American type; *e.g.*, "Q. Does the Church admit marriage? A. It admits it, but it detests it." A catechism of this sort seems hardly worth translating.

Heart of Catholicity (The). By Frank N. Westcott. The Young-Churchman Co., Milwaukee. 5½×7½ in. 215 pages. $1, net.

The author's standpoint is that of the high Anglo-Catholic, to whom the term "Protestant" is obnoxious, and the Protestant churches are only schismatic sects. "The heart of Catholicity" he defines as "the love of the Son of God for man." This is a distinctively moral concept. Contrariwise to this, his conception of catholicity in the Church is distinctively intellectual, as conditioned on the acceptance of certain forms of doctrine, worship, and organization. The spirit of the author is Christian, devout, and fraternal toward all Christians individually regarded, but its manifestation is impeded by his fallacious conception of catholicity. According to this, public worship as con-

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ducted by Protestants generally has so lost "its distinctively Christian character" that no intelligent and loyal Churchman can take part in it. The Church was instituted, he tells us, "to represent the unity of the Divine Mind to men." The Pauline account of it seems to take a different view.

History of Old Pine Street (A). By Hughes Oliphant Gibbons. Illustrated. The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. 5½×8½ in. 366 pages.

Pine Street Church in Philadelphia, the third Presbyterian church founded in that city, is the only one dating from colonial times still on its original site. In the churchyard some three thousand lie interred, including many Revolutionary officers and soldiers. It has been served by a succession of remarkably able ministers. As represented by them, it has been on the right side in times of crisis, whether in the Civil War, or in the vindication of such men as Albert Barnes and Lyman Beecher when assailed by ultra Calvinists. It is a striking instance of the advance of moral standards in recent times that the money needed to erect the building was raised by lottery. Originally in a fashionable center, now in a slum neighborhood whence twenty other churches have removed, it remains there, consecrated by its history and pledged by its endowment to a perpetuity of service in its changed environment. This handsome and finely illustrated volume is a worthy memorial of seven generations to many more to come.

In Suabia-Land (Würtemberg): An Appreciation. By Laura Maxwell. (Library of the Great World.) Honeyman & Co., Plainfield, New Jersey. 4×6¼ in. 100 pages.

Man of the Hour (The). By Octave Thanet. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Illustrated. 5×7½ in. 477 pages. $1.50.

Fine in spirit and thoroughly readable also as a story of character and incident. The book is concerned with the labor problem, but it is not a novel of purpose in the sense that argument is substituted for entertainment. There are several flesh-and-blood characters and a considerable infusion of humor. The "hero" is the child of a hard-headed manufacturer of New England blood and of a Russian Princess who is leagued with Nihilists. The two strains curiously conflict in him; on the one hand, he has his mother's yearning to help the oppressed and the failures of life; on the other, his father's shrewd common sense and belief that in the long run justice is better than charity. "Johnnie" or "Ivan" works out his own personal problem while he is learning by hard knocks from both sides the pros and cons of the issues between unions and capitalists. The author has in some way obtained a true inside view of labor disputes, and shows us with equal fairness the dishonest labor agitator, the honest unionist, the employer who means to be and is a tyrant, and the employer who has both firmness and sympathy. There is a pleasing love-story. In several ways this story is decidedly worth reading.

Marriage. By Jane Dearborn Mills. The Nunc Licet Press, Philadelphia. 4½×6½ in. 82 pages. 50c.

Masters of Old Age. By Colonel Nicholas Smith. The Young-Churchman Co., Milwaukee. 5½×7½ in. 280 pages. $1.25, net.

Two classes, in one or the other of which are nearly all readers, will find this book decidedly interesting—those who hope to live long, and those who, having lived long, hope to live longer. Personal memoranda and memorabilia abound concerning those who have mastered the secret of a really good old age; practical and proverbial philosophy scintillates continually, and attention is gripped to the end. As a record of the victories over old age and bodily infirmity won by men and women of many sorts this book has a tonic quality both of physical and moral efficacy.

Modern India. By William Eleroy Curtis. The F. H. Revell Co., New York. Illustrated. 6×9 in. 513 pages. $2, net.

Like Mr. Curtis's earlier books of travel, this volume is made up of sketches written primarily for newspaper publication, and, like them, it is lively, gossipy, and entertaining. It also has claims to serious consideration. Mr. Curtis appears to have journeyed through the peninsula with an open mind, and to have made excellent use of his unusual facilities for observation. As a result his book conveys much information helpful to those who would understand the India of to-day. At the present moment, of course, special interest attaches to the comments on Lord Curzon's administration, which Mr. Curtis unreservedly declares to have been "not only a conspicuous but a remarkable success. Although he has been severely criticised for his administrative policy and many of his official acts have been opposed and condemned, the sources from which the criticisms have come often corroborate the wisdom and confirm the success of the acts complained of." A feature of particular value to Americans is the exposition of the activities of their countrymen in the religious, educational, economic, and social life of India. The book is liberally illustrated from photographs.

Only a Grain of Sand. By Charles M. Taylor. Illustrated. The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. 6×8 in. $1, net.

Passion for Souls (The). By J. G. Jowett, M.A. (Second Edition.) The F. H. Revell Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 127 pages. 50c., net.

Pastor Hsi (of North China): One of China's Christians. By Mrs. Howard Taylor (née Geraldine Guinness). Seventh Edition. Illustrated. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 401 pages. $1.

Pipetown Sandy. By John Philip Sousa. Illustrated. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×7½ in. $1.25.

A book for boys, with enough fishing, hunting, and fisticuff play in it to claim boyish attention; but it is difficult to see how it can be of any real value. It cannot contribute to the formation of an exalted taste in literature; and a boy with a good taste already formed would not care much for it. It con-

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tains bits of village wisdom, humor, and anecdote which might justify its existence if the body of the book matched them. Its chief point of interest to some will be the author's name.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer. By General G. Moxley Sorrel. The Neale Publishing Co., New York. 5¼×8½ in. 315 pages. $2.

Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre (Le). By Octave Feuillet. (Les Classiques Français.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 3¾×6½ in. 253 pages.

An exceedingly pretty pocket edition of a famous French story familiar to generations of boarding-school girls.

Saint Cecilia of the Court. By Isabella R. Hess. The F. H. Revell Co., New York. Illustrated. 5×8 in. 212 pages. $1.25.

Touches portraying the generosity, loyalty, and cheerfully borne privations of the poor are the best feature of this story of New York tenement life; and Jim, the shoemaker, is a character worthy our acquaintance; we have met his like in fiction until we feel that he is an old friend whom we are always glad to encounter afresh. "Saint" is a nickname of the small heroine who dwells with her inebriate mother in a downtown court.

Sonnets and Songs. By Helen Hay Whitney. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×8 in. 81 pages. $1.20, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Speeches and Addresses: Political, Literary, and Religious. By John Charlton. Portrait. Morang & Co., Toronto. 5½×9 in. 499 pages. $2.

Prominent for many years in the public life of Canada and favorably known in the United States, Mr. Charlton is qualified to speak with authority on all matters pertaining to the political and economic life of the country he has served so well, and American readers should welcome this collection of his parliamentary and platform speeches for the light it throws on the resources, problems, and aspirations of the Dominion. They will also find it of direct interest, for in addition to incorporating addresses on Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, and "American Humor," Mr. Charlton recounts from personal knowledge a number of episodes in our recent political history. These are chiefly connected with the campaign for reciprocity, in which, as is well known, he has long been active, and to which he here devotes considerable space. As may be imagined by those acquainted with his unfaltering faith in the destiny both of Canada and of the entire continent, he likewise dwells on the measures Canada should, in his opinion, take to meet her growing needs and accommodate the immense population—50,000,000 to 60,000,000—which he predicts will inhabit her territory one hundred years from now. It is interesting to observe that for the continent at the close of the same period he predicts a population of not less than 375,000,000 English-speaking people. And, as the speeches on Canada's transportation problem and on her fiscal relations make very evident, the speaker's optimism is based, not on sentiment, but on economic considerations, which are propounded concisely and with vigor. Besides the subjects already mentioned, the volume contains speeches and addresses on "The South African War," "Sabbath Observance," "Presbyterian Theological Colleges," "A Layman's View of Christian Evidences," "Irredeemable Currency," "Political Corruption," "Conditions of Success in Life," and "David Livingstone."

Village Artist (The). By Adeline M. Peskey. Illustrated. The F. H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 216 pages. $1.

With kind and pretty thoughts, words, and deeds for implements, this "Artist" works in real life instead of in paints and oils or in clay. She tries to bring out her ideals of beauty in her own life, the lives of her neighbors, her home, her garden, the school grounds, the church, the village common. "The divine image is somewhere in that boy, and I am training my eye to see it," she said of Ben Leith, the village ne'er-do-weel, when "painting him up." A wholesome book about the "glories of the commonplace," but at times a little wearying.

Why is Christianity True? By E. Y. Mullins, D.D., LL.D. Illustrated. Christian Culture Press, Chicago. 5½×8 in. 450 pages.

Fresh treatises on apologetics abound to-day, as is to be expected in a transitional period, when fresh knowledge requires restatement of traditional beliefs. Dr. Mullins's argument is laid out four square: the Christian view of the world, Jesus Christ the evidence of Christianity, the evidence of Christian experience, and the evidence from Christian history constitute its four sides. He writes with vigor and keenness from a strictly orthodox standpoint, rejecting idealistic monism, and adhering to a dualistic view of the world. Biblical critics will hardly be content with his facile use of staple proof texts, but he lays desirable stress on ethical arguments, and recognizes the interest of Christianity in economic and industrial as well as religious freedom. He is often eloquent, and to many a wavering mind will be convincing.

Young Man with a Program, and Other Sermons to Young Men (The). By George P. Eckman, D.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×7½ in. 142 pages.

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Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

Righteous Indignation

To the Editors of The Outlook:

What object can you have in publishing such a shameful and brutal story as "A Cossack Practical Joke," in the September 2 issue, without commenting adversely on such unchristian acts? Perhaps you think it was a good joke. Only cowards would torment a human being in such a manner, and, judging by history, it seems much safer for Russians to kill defenseless Jews than fight the little Japanese. J. S., D.D.

[The indignation you feel at the incidents related in Mr. Poole's true story (for in these sketches of Russian life Mr. Poole is narrating what he actually sees and hears) is in itself an answer to your question. It is to make people indignant because such things exist that The Outlook has printed Mr. Poole's series of descriptions of men and things as they actually are in Russia to-day. We supposed it sufficiently evident from the manner in which the story is told that it was the author's intention to hold the brutality up to execration.—THE EDITORS.]

The Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your editorial paragraph of August 19 about the return of the Arctic expedition to Franz-Josef Land under the auspices of the late Mr. William Ziegler has been called to my attention. In the interest of fair play I feel compelled to correct the following errors:

First, the party recently rescued did not "sustain themselves without serious suffering by recourse to stores left in the vicinity by the expedition sent out by the Duke of the Abruzzi and by the Andree relief expedition" *alone*, but also by use of the chain of stations built by the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition of 1901–2. These were located as follows: seventeen and a half tons of condensed foods (equivalent to eighty-five tons of ordinary foods), especially packed and sorted for my contemplated Polar dash from Toeplitz Bay, latitude 81° 45′; two and a half tons of condensed foods near Coburg Island, latitude 81° 34′; a portable house filled with stores on a newly discovered island (Kane Lodge, latitude 80° 50′, Greely Island); a boat and small cache, latitude about 80° 40′ north, on Neustadt Island, lying to the east of Liberty Island (discovered and explored by myself and party); two houses and a shed, one of which houses was filled with stores, besides a large quantity in the shed at East Camp Ziegler; a cache at West Camp Ziegler; and caches at Capes Dillon and Armour and at minor points. Well do I recall the cheering of my party when the last package had been deposited at the depot at Toeplitz Bay, in the spring of 1902; and is it too much to suppose that the shipwrecked party of 1903–4 were not grateful, secretly so at any rate, when they found those priceless stores safe and sound?

Second, the reference to my expedition as a "fiasco" has no foundation whatever, and does gross injustice to the faithful and efficient service of my party. Apropos, the following quotations from letters received by members of my party:

From Herman J. Andree, Cleveland, Ohio, November 29, 1903:

> I saw your articles in the "Wide World Magazine," and thought the account of the trip very good. I suppose a longer account will be written later; but I think that when it is written it will be written with the idea of giving very little credit to the first trip, and placing the greater credit on the second trip, if it is at all successful. As far as I am concerned, I cannot look at the first year's work in any other light than as a success; we have this in our favor—not a single expedition that attempted to reach the North Pole left anything to in any way help another expedition to reach it; and they have all come back practically crushed, while your expedition returned after having done an immense amount of the work necessary to reach the goal, and with the expectation of finishing the work later.

From Professor E. DeKoven Leffingwell, Knoxville, Illinois, December 15, 1903:

> I send under separate cover a copy of the "File Cross," which contains the article, and I am sure it is in a favorable light for you. You will notice that I gave as the reason for our return [1902] as being foolish to start on a 500-mile race with a 100-mile handicap, and also for lack of coal and provisions, etc.

From Carl L. Sandine, New York, October 3, 1902:

> When I arrived on the Majestic a week ago, it was a great pleasure to me to meet Mr. Ziegler and to express my admiration for his generosity, at the same time telling him that I thought you had given to each one of us according to our merits, etc. Did not all our work go on like clockwork? The crew and the Russians were accustomed to hard work; we were not, and yet, to speak the truth, they admired us, for *every one* of the American boys represented America splendidly in *that*. . . . You gave us credit for it. Why do they reward you in this the meanest way? . . . I spoke generously and hopefully about giving you all right and honor, speaking about Mr. Ziegler's generosity, and that I knew you will some day go back and return triumphantly. I met many friends of the Swedish, and was happy to tell them that a better expedition there never was, asking them, as I asked all newspaper men swarming about me, just to wait until the end of the expedition, for this was only its first year. Lieutenant Bergendahl (our mate) came over to Copenhagen, and he confessed that he admired you, the American boys, and the work done,

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and so does Loth. [A few days later Mr. Loth wrote me in terms of loyalty making application to return with me the second year.]

From the foregoing and other evidence in abeyance it is clear that the only "fiasco" discoverable is among our critics.

EVELYN B. BALDWIN.

[1. The statements as to the use of provisions were repeated, as was evident, from the despatches sent by the Fiala expedition, in which there was no mention of using the Baldwin caches. If such use were made, and as we understand Mr. Baldwin he believes that this must have been the case, credit for it should certainly be given by Mr. Fiala. 2. The word fiasco was employed, perhaps not with exactness, simply to mean that the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition entirely failed in its main object—as have many other Arctic expeditions.—THE EDITORS,]

Are Children Studying Too Much?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In The Outlook for August 19 there is a letter under the title "Are Children Studying Too Many Hours?" Because I hear in imagination, as I have too often in reality heard, a chorus of voices in assent, I am moved to speak. I leave to others the task of deciding what shall be taught, although many of us would be glad had we learned earlier that trees are beautiful in winter; that there are birds in America besides the English sparrow, and that even he has moments when one is almost persuaded that he is a bird and not "a little beast." The problem which confronts the parents is a serious one. They see their sons and daughters of twelve and fourteen years, and those in college as well, anæmic, emaciated, with nervous systems preparing for breakdowns. What can they do about it? The family physician will tell them that until the tenth year the child must have ten or eleven hours' sleep; from the tenth to the sixteenth year nine hours is the minimum, not as much as the child needs, but the least his body demands when it is obtained regularly. The adult may be able to maintain health on seven or eight hours, but when hard work is done more sleep is required to restore mental and physical vigor.

If the children in the school-room are asked how many of them get nine hours' sleep each night, they reply that they have to study. Are the children who are acquiring irritable nervous systems going to bed at half-past nine during the summer when they are expected to wake at seven? Are the college students asleep from ten to half-past six? Yet those hours would give a minimur for each.

At the end of a period of three months when the paths through their brain-cell leading to accurate thinking and correc doing have become grass-grown, sufferin from loss of sleep, students in school an college go back to take up work where i was left off. Of course they bring thei books home, of course they study, and th debt to sleep is increased the first night an each night thereafter

Weariness interferes with accurate o rapid work. If the time spent in studying over hours were given to sleep, health woul be uninjured and time saved by the rapidity and accuracy of work gained during waking hours.

Study is not the only element causing lack of sleep and nerve-strain. In the society column of the papers in any city small enough to have personal mention made of average individuals it will be seen that "Miss Ellen Jones entertained at cards in honor of her fourteenth birthday." Twenty years ago Nellie Jones would have celebrated her fourteenth birthday with her friends in the apple orchard, and the newspapers would have known nothing of it.

There are not only entertainments, but engagements with the music-teacher, the dressmaker, the dancing-master, the gymnasium, the King's Daughters, the Boys' Brigade, all of them good but each adding to the pressure and the nerve-strain always consequent upon a series of appointments which must be met at a definite time. This is true in both school and college. Neither study nor social engagements need tax strength if sufficient sleep is taken. Because there is not time for all three, sleep is neglected. Parents must choose for the children which shall be had.

My experience, including four years' residence as physician in a school for girls, leads me to say that if, during school years, the students sleep as many hours as will enable them to waken refreshed, good-natured, and ready for the day, making up the sleep lost for an occasional festivity; if they have moderate exercise, much fresh air, and sufficient good, simple food; if they are not compelled, outside of school, to meet appointments in numbers to bewilder the nervous system of a social leader, physical development may and will keep pace with mental development, the percentages in school rising with increased physical vigor, the course of study as now found in most of our schools and colleges remaining unchanged.

ELEANORA S. EVERHARD, M.D.

Dayton, Ohio.

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